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Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VI. BISMARCK, D. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1878. NO. 20.

IN THE LOCAL POLITICAL POT

THE WOULD BE HONORED ARE BOILING.

News and Gossip From thd Conventions—The Democrats Take a Whack At Making Statesmen, and the People's Party Follow Up—Shadows of Coming Events.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

Saturday afternoon the Democratic convention assembled for the purpose of nominating county officers and members of the Territorial legislature.

Mr Dennis Hannifin called the convention to order, and on motion, Col. Thompson was elected permanent chairman, and Col Sweet, secretary.

There was no delay in getting to business Col Thompson thanked the convention for choosing him to preside, in a few words, and called for the pleasure of the convention.

Dr. J. P Dunn moved the appointment of a committee of five to select suitable candidates for county officers. The motion prevailed, and the chair appointed Dr J. P. Dunn, and Messrs. C. R. Williams, Joseph Hare, Charles Galloway and Dennis Hannifin.

The committee withdrew, and while absent Mr John E Carland was called upon for an address. He spoke of the destiny of the Democracy, and pledged himself and his best exertions toward insuring the party a victory whenever it went into battle The mention of his name for the position of district attorney elicited the remark that putting all personal aspirations aside, he believed in the principles of the Democracy, and pledged himself to those principles as long as he lived.

Loud calls for Mr. Ansley Gray brought that gentleman to his feet He urged upon the convention the necessity of selecting good men for offices, and heartily endorsed Mr Carland for the district attorneyship. Three cheers were given for Carland, and the people then called for Mr. James A. Emmons. Mr Emmons drew a vivid picture of the future of the Democracy, and in a brief, stirring speech painted a sort of an oratorical chromo, in which the bright possibilities of the party were reflected in the political sky in the colors that tinge the clouds when the dying sun sets behind the golden hills.

By the time Mr Emmons had concluded, the committee returned and submitted the following ticket.

Sheriff—Alex McKenzie.
Treasurer—W. B. Watson.
Register of Deeds—John H Richards.
Supt of Schools—J. K Wetherby.
County Surveyor—Chas. Thompson.
Assessor—Patrick Malloy.
County Commissioners—John Yegen, Jos Hare and Frank Donnelly.
Judge of Probate—E. N. Corey.
Coroner—H R Porter
Justices of the Peace—Edwin Ware, Frank Keating, Jos Taylor and Henry Dion
Constables—Mike McLear, Wm. Preston, Pat Burns and Peter Brasseau

On motion of Mr Ansley Gray, the report was accepted and adopted.

Dr Dunn moved that the convention go into the selection of candidates for the Legislature

The motion was adopted, and Dr B. F. Slaughter was nominated to the Territorial council, and Mr. Ansley Gray to the House.

The convention then appointed the county central committee for two years as follows: Dennis Hennafin, D. W. Maratta, C R. Williams, and J. P Dunn.

Just before adjournment the convention endorsed Mr John E. Carland for the office of district attorney, and then dispersed.

CITY CONVENTION.

The People's Convention to nominate city officers met at the city hall Monday afternoon.

Col Wm. Thompson called the the convention to order and nominated Major Walker for chairman. The major thanked the convention and asked for a secretary David Stewart was elected secretary.

Joseph Hare moved that a committee of five be elected to report the names of candidates for city officers, subject to the convention Motion adopted The chairman appointed S Whitney, Jos Hare, C A Galloway, E B. Ware and John Boyle After consultation the committee made the following report: For mayor, Wm. A Hollenback; city clerk, C. J. Clark; city marshal, Thomas Fortune; justice of the peace, David Stewart; for aldermen, first ward J Reardon and Jno. Nichols, second ward, Jno Boyle and J. P. Forster; third ward, Thomas McGowan and Asa Fisher

D O. Preston moved that the report, excepting the candidates for aldermen, be adopted The motion was adopted by a vote of 34 to 28.

Upon motion the convention adjourned *sine die.*

STOVELL'S RACE.

Mr John A. Stovell returned yesterday from Fargo where he had spent a day talking to the voters of his political ilk. He denounces the rumors that he has withdrawn from the race for district attorney as false, fraudulent, dishonest, corrupt and pharisaical and claims that he will get there in spite of the devil and the other two candidates.

ALDERMEN.

It has been decided that each ward shall nominate its own alderman, to be voted for by the citizens of the respective wards which such aldermen shall represent.

THE APPORTIONMENT.

Look at This List and Act Accordingly.

The following is the apportionment made by the last Legislature of the representation of which each district in the Territory is entitled in the Legislature to be elected this fall. It will be interesting as a guide to the various county and district ticket manufacturers:

First district—Union county. Two members of the council and four members of the house.

Second district—Clay county. One member of the council and four members of the house.

Third district—Yankton county. Two members of the council and four members of the house.

Fourth district—Bon Homme county. One member of the council and one member of the house.

Fifth district—Lincoln and Turner counties. Two members of the council and three members of the house.

Sixth district—Minnehaha county. One member of the council and two members of the house

Seventh district—Cass, Richland, Ransom, Barnes and Stutsman counties. One member of the council and one member of the house.

Eighth district—Pembina and Grand Forks counties. One member of the council.

Ninth district—Burleigh and Stevenson counties. One member of the council and one member of the house.

Tenth district—Hutchinson. Armstrong, Hanson and Davison counties. One member of the house.

Eleventh district—Brookings, Lake and Moody counties. Two members of the house.

Twelfth district—Traill county. One member of the house.

Thirteenth district—Lawrence, Pennington and Custer counties. One member of the council and two members of the house.

The counties of Charles Mix, (including Yankton reservation,) Brule, Hyde, Hughes Buffalo and Sully are attached to the thirteenth district for election purposes.

HENDERSON'S HARNESS.

An Indian's Experience in Unhitching a Team.

Mr. Henderson, of Wolf Point, has been in the city the past week. He reports the Indians of that agency happy and prosperous. They will have seven thousand bushels from this season's potato crop. Although the Indians ot Wolf Point and Poplar River are wild, they don't take unkindly to a little work Their first experience in teaming gave Mr. Henderson some trouble. He started them out on a short journey with seven wagons. They had not gone far when they concluded to stop and make coffee. Indians are as fond of coffee as they are of rest. They can never travel any considerable distance without their coffee. In this instance they had only gone five or six miles when the coffee thirst seized them They pulled up and unhitched the horses. It was the first time and they thought they would do it up fine Wherever there was a buckle the Indian unhitched. He not only unhitched the horses from the wagons, but he unhitched the harness so completely that it was no harness at all—all straps. When Mr. Henderson overhauled his teamsters and found the plight they had plunged things into, there were mingled feelings of pleasure and disgust. He had a job putting that harness together, but he succeeded all the same

VENTURESOME VOYAGE.

Usher and Raymond Run from Keogh to Bismarck in a Sail Boat.

C. S. Usher and B F. Raymond, well known in Bismarck, arrived Sunday in a little sail boat, of their own construction, all the way from Fort Keogh. The boat was built in half a day and was fourteen feet long, drawing eight inches of water. The trip required ten days, running night and day, The best day's sail was sixty-five miles. They had plenty of provisions and blankets for eating and sleeping. One slept while the other steered. The log of the trip showed four or five skiffs on the river with returning frontiersmen. One day the little craft rode waves four feet high and came out safe and sound. Considering the headwinds encountered the yacht "Joe McGowan," made a quick run, Usher says, the quickest ever made from Keogh to Bismarck.

Dispatches to Deadwood.

C. S. Deering, the telegraph builder, arrived from Bear Butte on Sunday. Work on the Deadwood branch of the military line has been resumed and will be completed in ten days.

The tariff to Deadwood will be fifty cents. It is now $2 85 for ten words. The business of the Hills will all come this way, unless there is an awful fall in the tariff of the Cheyenne monopoly. The business of the stage company, Bismarck, and N. P., and St. Paul and Minneapolis, will go over the military line sure, and in all probability the Chicago business.

More Cattle from Montana.

Two trains of ten cars each loaded with Montana cattle left Thursday night for Chicago. They went east from St. Paul by the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, as did the train previous. The Minneapolis & St. Louis road furnished poor cars, which Hammond & Co. would not accept. Hence the change in route.

A RIP IN THE RADICAL RANKS.

THE DEMOCRATS SEND IN THE ENTERING WEDGE.

Indiana Goes Democratic, while in Ohio there is a Gratifying List of Congressmen---Iowa Drops Down and the General Result shows a Gain of Ten Democratic Statesmen.

OHIO.

The Democrats and nationals in Ohio gained three congressmen; in Indiana three and in iron bound Iowa two. That's the result in a nutshell and in detail as follows: First and second Ohio districts (Cincinnati) elected Butterworth and ex-Gov. Young. Butterworth defeated Goss, Banning's successor and Young beat Saylor. Their majorities were 778 and 998. In the third district McMahon (Dem.) was elected by 1080 majority; in the fourth Gen. Keifer, Rebublican; in the fifth Lefevre, Dem.; in the sixth Hill, (Dem.) was elected; in the seventh (Toledo) Frank, (Dem.) re-elected; in the eighth Finley, (Dem.); Converse, (Dem.) in the ninth; Gen. Ewing (Dem.) re-elected in the tenth; Dickey (Dem.) in the eleventh; Neal Rep. in the twelfth; Warner (Dem.) in the thirteenth; Atherton (Dem.) in the fourteenth; Geddes (Dem.) in the fifteenth; McKinley (Rep.) in the sixteenth in doubt. In the four remaining districts, Monroe, Updegraff, Garfield and Townsend, Republicans, were elected. The Democrats gained eight congressmen and lost three. Total: Democrats 11; Republicans 9. The state ticket was carried by the Republicans by less than ten thousand majority. There was no interest in the state election. The contest was for congressmen. The national vote in Ohio was in the neighborhood of sixty thousand. For legislature there was no fight, as the last senator to be elected soon was George Pendleton, and he is seated.

INDIANA.

In Indiana the Democrats carried everything. They elected their state Democratic ticket by eight thousand majority. In the first congressional district a Republican gain was made but in four other Republican districts Democrats were elected, overcoming Republican majorities ranging from 350 to 1,408. Daddy Orth (Rep.) got in by 21 majority. The present Indiana delegation in the house stands nine Republicans to four Democrats. On the fourth of next March it will stand six Democrats; six Republicans and one national. There was a sharp fight for the legislature. It was a contest between Senator Vorhees, the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash, and Gen. Ben Harrison, a grandson of President Harrison. Vorhees got away with the baggage and will succeed himself as the junior senator from Indiana. The legislature stands: Senate—Democrats 25; Republicans 24; Nationals 1. House—Democrats 54; Republicans 41; Nationals 5 Democratic majority on joint ballot 6.

IOWA.

The Republicans carried Iowa by eight thousand majority. It used to be sixty thousand. Even here the Republicans lost two districts. The Nationals swept two districts that gave last time 4,000 and 6,000 Republican majority.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In Maine Democrats and Nationals gained two, and in Oregon one. In Colorado they lost one. The result thus far is a clear congressional gain of ten.

What the Republicans are at.

The straight Republicans are apparently determined upon a straight ticket. It is reported straight all the way through On county officers it is reported that Ben Ash is their man for sheriff; H. G. Coykendall for register of deeds; George H. Fairchild for county, treasurer and F. J. Call for probate judge For the Territorial legislature Robert Macnider and Judge Bowen are suggested; George P. Flannery is named for supt. of schools as an offset to his partner's candidacy on the Democratic ticket.

The city ticket may be J. W. Raymond for mayor; Frank Bolles for city clerk; David Stewart for city justice.

Capt. Raymond may not run and Mr. Coykendall be substituted. In that case F. J. Call is spoken of for register of deeds.

The people's convention forgot to name a city treasurer and the "straights" have not reported a prospective candidate. Neither party should be afraid of the treasury.

Southern Scourge.

Reports from the South show a gratifying decrease in the death rate of cities, but another danger threatens in the form of negro raids on ration depots. Cotton is rotting in the fields for want of workmen, while the men who should be on the plantations are threatening riot and bloodshed.

A Queer Census.

An officer of the Indian Bureau has been counting the illegitimate children at Standing Rock Agency. He found eighty-four credited as follows: three to soldiers: seventy-eight to the agency employees and three unknown.

A Bridge Burned.

Thursday night a prairie fire cleaned out fifty feet of trestle work west of Fargo. The train due at Bismarck Friday morning laid over all night and came through in daylight, reaching here at 4:30 p. m.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Falls Upon the Homes of Mr. J. K. Wetherby and Mr. A. H. Meyers.

Last Sunday the mournful intelligence reached Bismarck that Mrs. Florence Wetherby, wife of Mr. J. K. Wetherby, had died on the morning of that day. Mrs. Wetherby left this city a short time ago to visit some friends at Hudson, Wis. Not long after her arrival she was seized with gastric fever. There was no apparent danger, but she grew gradually worse, and finally Mr. Wetherby was notified that the illness of his wife had assumed a serious aspect. He hastened to her bedside, but the delirium of the fever had blotted all recognition of him from her eyes, and she passed away unconscious of his presence.

Mrs. Wetherby was about 26 years of age. Though her residence in Bismarck was brief, she had won a large circle of friends, who join with her husband in mourning her death.

Grief has fallen upon the household of Mr. A. H. Meyers, of this city. Last Monday his only daughter, Roxie Beebe, was taken away, at the early age of nine years and eleven months Roxie was well known to many of the people of Bismarck, and though young in years, she held the affection of all who came in contact with her. At the funeral Tuesday, the Rev. Father Chrysostrom conducted the services, and a large assemblage of mourners testified the esteem in which the dead child was held. Mr. and Mrs. Meyers have the sympathy of the community in their grief.

TOUCHING TRIBUTES.

The Northwestern Press Bids Col. Lounsberry Farewell.

Col. Lounsberry, formerly of this place, has sold the BISMARCK TRIBUNE. The Colonel's excellent management has made THE TRIBUNE a No. 1 local journal, and his patrons will regret his leaving it.—*Martin County Sentinel.*

Col. Lounsberry has no thought of leaving Bismarck, now that he goes out of the TRIBUNE. He will attend personally to the postoffice and perhaps devote attention to real estate, or something of that sort.—*Deadwood Enterprise.*

Col. Lounsberry, the late talented editor of the BISMARCK TRIBUNE, who has quit journalism and sold his newspaper establishment, will remain in Bismardk and practice law. We predict for him a successful career, for the Colonel is a rustler "from way back" and is bound to get along in everything he tackles.—*Black Hills Times.*

We regret to chronicle the retirement of Col. C. A. Lounsberry from the BISMARCK TRIBUNE, as its editor and manager, which position he has occupied since the paper was started. His ability and experience in the newspaper business are so great that we cannot believe he will long remain out of the editorial chair. THE TRIBUNE is now to be a Democratic paper.—*Lake Superior News.*

Col. Lounsberry will be missed by the many friends who enjoyed his readable utterances. The Colonel has done much for the Republican party, and much for northern Dakota which will not be forgotten Col. L. will devote himself to the post office and the entertainment of the numerous friends and visitors to his section. His hospitality and geniality are proverbial, and but few ever leave the Colonel without feeling a true friendship for him.—*Fargo Republican.*

The BISMARCK TRIBUNE of Wednesday, containg the valedictory of Col. Lounsberry and the announcement that the paper has been sold to Mr. Huntley, of Chicago. Col. Lounsberry has given the people of Bismarck a first-class paper for five years—has worked hard, ceaselessly, and successfully, for the welfare of the aspiring young frontier city in which his lot was cast—and the new proprietor will find the task of filling acceptably to Bismarkians his vacant chair, no easy one.—*Minneopolis Tribune.*

Col. Lounsberry and the BISMARCK TRIBUNE have parted company. The Colonel started his paper in 1873, and continued up to Thursday last wihout losing a single issue, under tribulations that would have made many other men retire from the field and the advancement of the interests of Northern Dakota has been one of the chief objects of his labor. We see by his valedictory that he will attend in future to his other business interests, and we regret his departure from the editorial ranks.—*Fargo Times.*

The last issue of the BISMARCK TRIBUNE contains the valedictory of Col. C. A. Lounsberry, as its editor and business manager, the paper having been sold to Stanley Huntley, of the Washington *Post*, and formerly of the Chicago press, who will turn its coat and make it Democratic The Col. will be sadly missed from the fraternity on the N. P. and with his able, indefatigable and racy pen Bismarck, the Northern Pacific country and the Great Northwest, will lose a prominent advocate and faithful friend. Adieu! Colonel, Adieu!—*Brainerd Tribune.*

Birds of a Feather.

[New York Sun.]

That Henry Ward Beecher should be a Grant man is in perfect accordance with the fitness of things. It is eminently fitting that the most corrupt preacher who ever stood in an American pulpit should be found advocating the re-election of the most corrupt President who ever sat in the chair of Washington.

This Means Us.

[Lanesboro Journal.]

Col. Lounsberry, founder of THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE, has sold his paper to a man from Washington.

A CHASE AFTER THE CHEYENNES

WITH THE PURSUERS A LONG WAY AHEAD.

A Brave Body of United States Troops Campaigning Against the Nebraska Sand-Hills--The Indians Escape and so do the Soldiers, to the Great Delight of Both.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE EXPERIENCE.

The chase after the Cheyenne Indians resulted in a ridiculous failure. The Department of the Platte came out badly The detachments sent in pursuit have turned up in the Sand Hills of Northern Nebraska without any Indians, without any wagons, without any rations, and without any life. Major Carleton, in command of one of the detachments, sent this significant message to Gen. Sheridan "Col. Thornburgh (who commanded the other detachment), struck my trail in the Sand Hills, out of rations. Sent him rations yesterday, and he joined me to day By dividing with him we will both have rations sufficient to reach Camp Sheridan." From this dispatch it seems that one battalion was hunting the other, and that both had all they could do to reach a post of safety. It was not a question of catching Indians, but one of escape. The soldiers followed the Indians through a desert, with scouts and guides who knew it all. They pressed them hard, but armies can't catch Indians who scatter when closely hunted, as blossoms of a cottonwood tree. A soldier was left behind the main command and attacked by several Indians. They corralled him in a rifle pit and poured hot shot into his retreat. His clothes were riddled and the trigger shot off his gun. Just as he lost the trigger, Capt. Manck's company came up and scattered the red devils. The deserted wagon trains and guard were attacked by fifteen Indians. The train was saved by the timely arrival of Capt. Manck. The scouts and guides with Col. Thornburgh deserted him and he was left to follow his compass. The soldiers, at times, were almost dying with thirst. The sand was knee deep to the horses, and was blown about in blinding clouds. There was one march of forty-five miles without water or food, save a little hard tack and raw bacon. There was a long chase by Major Thornburgh's couriers after Col. Carleton's command. When Carleton was found it appeared that his best horses were dropping down from sheer exhaustion, and the men were straggling around in every direction. It was feared Carleton's whole command would perish in the sand Finally all hands turned up on the head waters of Snake river.

A BAD BUSINESS

The Indians led them into the Sand Hills and then skinned out. Their strategy nearly proved fatal to the soldiers The only favorable result was twenty ponies captured. Spotted Tail sent word to Thornburgh that he would arrest and deliver the Cheyenne fugitives if they came into his camp. The report is they have gone into Red Cloud's camp, where they found friends. A telegram of the 12th, from Deadwood, says a hundred Indians appeared in Red Water valley, thirty miles from that town, and burned several stacks of hay The ranchmen organized and started in pursuit.

The Seventh Cavalry has not been heard from, but is supposed to be east of the Hills ready to intercept the renegades Bear Butte is in fear of a visit, as that place used to be a spot for making medicine. The stage companies have put on extra out riders, and watch the doubtful coolies

The TRIBUNE readers will remember the Cheyennes as the captives Gen. Miles sent through Bismarck a year ago They were located in the Indian Territory. Gen. Pope, of that Department, says they were starved, and were forced to take the war path. The Indian Commissioner says it is a lie, and that they had no excuse for their raid except their inherent inclination to deviltry

Dalrymple's Divy.

By L. D. M Swett, of Portland, Me., a large stockholder of the N. P. R. R, and a part owner of the so called Dalrymple farm, it is stated that Mr. Dalrymple will be deeded this fall some 9,000 acres by Gen Cass and Messrs. Cheney and Grandin, who set Mr. Dalrymple up in the mammoth farming business. They laid out about $100,000 in land and farm machinery. When they had received that amount from the soil, they agreed to deed one-half of the land under cultivation to Oliver Dalrymple, the manager and farmer. They have got their money back with this season's crop (the third), and Mr. D gets his rich "divy."

By Water to the Hills.

Mr. James A. Emmons' suggestion about the feasibility of navigating the Cheyenne river to the Black Hills has been taken up by N. L. Witcher, the freighter. He has built a small boat that he will use in making soundings and noting the characteristics of the Cheyenne from the mouth of Rapid Creek to the Missouri. He will determine by personal exploration the improvements necessary to make the river a practicable route for the Hills.

Bennett on the Stump.

Judge Bennett, the Republican nominee for delegate to congress, will speak in Bismarck next Tuesday evening.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Death at the Goal.

Suggested by the old legend that one of the Crusaders died of joy on his first sight of Jerusalem.

He sailed across the glittering seas that swept
In music toward the East;
Far off, along the shore, the nations wept—
People, and King, and priest.

For every land was heavy with the grief
That one fair city bore,
And half the world was gone to her relief,
Half wept upon the shore.

He heard that sound of anger and of tears,
And in his steadfast eye
Resolve to right the bitter wrong of years
Shone yet more stern and high.

And nearer every day the sunrise glowed,
And filled his heart with fire,
Still drawing him swiftly onward, till it showed
The land of his desire.

He touched the shore, and knelt with tears at length
To kiss the sacred strand,
Then rose to seek, clad in solemn strength,
The city of the land.

Across the low pale hills he took his way,
By dreary tower and tomb,
Across the plains of Sharon, where to-day
The rose forgets to bloom;

Till, at the lightning of the evening fires
Along the western sky,
He saw the promised home of his desires
In royal beauty lie.

O city, sorrowful, yet full of grace!
The sinking sun adorns
With a celestial smile thy altered face
Beneath its crown of thorns.

The heavy storms of rage and trouble beat
Around thy sacred heart;
Thou hast a deadly wound, yet strangely sweet
And beautiful thou art.

And thou hast drawn, from all the colder lands
Beyond the western sea,
Hearts burning for their wrongs, and eager hands
To fight for God and thee.

Lift up thy head: thou sittest faint and fair—
This sunset on thy brow—
And see, with what an ecstasy of prayer
A true knight greets thee now.

Smile on his passionate love, his radiant face,
His consecrated sword;
In one bright moment let thy matchless grace
Give him a quick reward.

For as the heart beats wildly at its goal,
With every prayer fufilled,—
Suddenly shivered is the golden bowl,
The bounding pulse is stilled!

And, dead, he falls at thy beloved feet,
Pierced by the fatal dart,
Of joy too high, triumpant love too sweet
For the imprisoned heart.

Dead at the goal! serene and satisfied,
With never sigh nor moan,
But with exulting face of one who died
Of joy and love alone.

* * * * * * * *

And *we* have seen, on many a loved one's face,
This rapture at the goal;
This joy in death, this last and sweetest grace
Of the departing soul.

These too, had traveled by a weary road,
And when the end drew nigh
They saw the glorious city, God's abode,
Smile in the eastern sky;

And at this vision, heavenly and fair,
And pure without alloy—
This infinite answer to a life-long prayer—
They die at last of joy.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

MY FATHER'S WIFE.

I had alway been a wild, wayward, and passionate girl, but when my mother died the sorrow I felt for the loss of one who had been so dear to me toned down for the time my bold spirit, and my father, a remarkably even-mindded and domesticated man, viewed with delight what he thought would prove a permanent change in my disposition. After the loss of my mother we kept but little company, although I occasionally went to a quiet evening party.

It was a private ball that I first met a young gentleman named Melford. I was then nineteen, and Mr. Melford was about two years my senior The young man was handsome in his person and agreeable in his manners. An acquaintance sprung up between us; it was a clandestine one, for Mr Melford told me that for certain reasons he must for the present decline an introduction to my family.

I did not reflect upon the strangeness of this secrecy, for mine was that foolish age which disclaims common sense and defies romance. Beside, I gave a pretty shrewd guess as to what Mr. Melfords reasons were; he was, I thought, poor and honorable, and his sensative disposition would, of course, experience a shook if brought in contact with so calculating and worldly-minded a man as my father. Not that my father was harsh or unkind, but, like most all city men, he looked upon all sublunary affairs from a practicle point of view. Would, he therefore, be likely to encourage as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, one who had not attained a firm footing in the world?

I shall never forget the day on which Arthur Melford confessed his love for me. We had met by stealth. I was certainly scarcely prepared for an avowal so soon; and when I left him that day and reflected that I had tacitly plighted myself to a young man who, I was obliged to confess, was surrounded by a halo of mystery tha tshould at least have made me cautious, I could not blind mysell to the fact that, notwithstanding any confidence in Mr. Melford's hono, rI had done a very foolish thing. There must surely have been infused in my disposition something of my father's practical spirit, of my love would never have been alloyed by a practicle of doubt.

Arthur Melford, I should mention, was an under-teacher in a large academy for boys at Hackney, and his worldly prospects, according to his own account, were gloomy in the extreme It was not until the morning he declared himself to me that he told me he was a teacher in a school Still, I could pardon his reticence, for I well understood the pride from which it took its origin; but as I have said before, the whispering voice of reason told me that I had acted somewhat foolishly.

One morning, my father, feeling slightly indisposed, did not go to business in the city as usual. On learning that I was going to the West-End on a shopping expedition, he determined to accompany me. We dined together in town, and lounged about Regent street, now and then pausing to make a purchase. We were thinking of returning home when I suddenly remembered that I had omitted to call for a small parcel I had left two hours previously at the most agreeable lounge for ladies—the London Crystal Palace.

The place was crowded, as it generally is at four o'clock in the afternoon. We therefere made our way out slowly. I detest a crowd, and have a habit—a foolish one perhaps—of hanging my head when I find myself surrounded by many people. On the present occasion I kept my eyes sedulously downcast; and when at last, on reaching the door, I looked up, and breathed more freely, it was to find myself *vis-a-vis* with Arthur Melford. He was not alone. A lady of about six-and-twenty, well-dressed and attractive, was by his side. I drew a long breath, felt a strange, fluttering sensation about my heart, and turned very pale.

I was about to pass on with my father, when to my indescribable surprise, he stopped short and with a bashful confusion, as unusual as unbecoming to him, raised his hat politely to Arthur Melford's companion, and then shook hands with her warmly. The lady instantly became agitated; she colored very deeply and trembled violently as she greeted my father Arthur Melford seemed as much astonished as myself.

"It is Miss Sanderson, the daughter of my employer, the schoolmaster," he whispered

My father cast a hasty and suspicious glance toward s. Could he have heard Arthur's words?

"Florence, love," said my father, "allow me to introduce you to Miss Sanderson, a friend of mine, I cannot say an old friend, but who is shortly to be——"

"Hush!" interrupted Miss Sanderson. "Mr Melford," she continued hastily, "I must now trouble you to escort me home. We shall be late as it is. Miss Maynard," she added, "we shall, I am sure, very shortly be the best of friends. Mr. Maynard——"

The speaker broke off and hurriedly seized my father's hand. Arthur Melford took leave of me, and bowed respectfully to my parent, who eyed him sternly, and in another moment both Miss Sanders and Arther were gone.

That evening I and my father sat at home in silence. It was evident that he had something to say, but was nervous how to begin; while, for my own part, the surprise of the unexpected meeting at the bazaar afforded me ample food for reflection and conjecture. Presently my father said:

"Florence, you were no doubt a little astonished at our meeting with Miss Sanderson, whom until to-day you had probably never seen. Ahem—Florence!—never."

"The lady was a stranger to me until this afternoon, papa" I replied, nervously, for I dreaded lest may father should have discovered something respecting my acquaintance with Arthur Melford.

"That lady, Florence," continued my father, in a hesitating voice—"that lady is shortly—is in fact to become——"

"A very great friend of mine. So she said herself. and I am sure I shall be very happy," I broke in.

I smiled as I spoke. I could not, for the life of me have restrained that smile. I was what was termed a sharp girl, and quickly jumped at a conclusion. I knew as well as possible what would be the end of my father's sentence, and therefore, womanlike, to increase his confusion, interrupted him

"I am sure she will become a great friend of yours, darling," resumed my father: "but that was not precisely what I was going to say. That lady, Miss Sanders, will shortly—ahem! very shortly, become—"

"There papa, stuck again! Come out with it; I know all abont it," I cried, with a merry laugh.

"Then since you are so well informed," said my father, "I need perhaps say nothing more. But, Floy, love, to be serious a moment, Miss Sanderson is to become my wife."

That solemn word "wife" sobered me directly. Miss Sanderson my father's wife! What a flood of wild, incoherent thoughts passed my mind as those simple words rang in my ear. Who was Miss Sanderson? How I longed to be able to read her character at a glance, to analyze the very virtue and failing of the woman who was to supply the place of my dead mother. It was useless to try to think quietly on the matter—equally useless to talk to my farher about it then. I must wait until I could reflect more calmly, and then I might be able to determine whether my father was to be congratulated or the step he was about to take, or pitied fo his folly.

In the course of a day or two I learned that my father had been introduced to Miss Sanderson at the house of a bachelor friend at Islington. The introduction had been made, I found out, with a view of matrimony. My father had told his old chum, Mr Fordyce, that he wanted a wife; that jovial old bachelor had instantly mentioned the daugeter of the Hackney schoolmaster, as a fitting bride for my father, and the latter was graciously pleased to approve of the selection, and thus was the affair brought about.

My father was the very soul of hanor. Although a man of business, he was not a man of the world. Even as a young man he had never sought its pleasures. A quiet evening at home, a rubber at whist, a new book, were to him never failing sources of enjoymont, and I have often thought that a man possessed of his quiet tastes and habits is to be envied by his fellows. Was it strange, therefore, that I should feel anxious about the character of Miss Sanderson? Was it singular that I asked myself over and over again, "Will she make my father happy?"

Miss Sanderson's appearance and manners were certainly suggestive of the most amiable disposition She was about six-and-twenty; but a certain staid demeanor, combined with a quiet, yet perfect and exceedingly graceful and self-possession, would have excused the supposition that she was thirty. Her features were good, and her smile was of the sweetest. She was well educated, too, and possessed of much literary and artistic taste. She was cheerful, but never frivolous; indeed her many good qualities seemed so evenly balanced that I could scarcely wonder at my father being riveted, facinated by them. And yet my heart did not warm toward Miss Sanderson. I did not feel that I could love her; and as I became aware of it, I wondered at my coldness, the more especially as I was obliged to own to myself that had any one asked me my opinion of her who was to become my father's wife, I should have felt bound to give a favorable one.

It was about a fortnight after the day I first became aware of my father's acquaiatance with Miss Slanderson, that the servant placed a letter in my hand, at breakfast time. The superscription was in the hand of Arthur Melford. At I tremblingly opened the missive I knew my father's scrutinizing glance was re ting upon me.

"Do not be nervous Florence," said he: "the letter is I presume from Arthur Melford. I expected you would hear from him by this morning's post, and he has probably written to ask you to see him this day. You have my full permission to do so."

My father resumed his *Times*. I was speechless with amazement. I read my letter; it was from Arthur—a single brief sentence, asking me to meet him in one of the parks.

"Papa," I said when I had somewhat recovered my equanimity," you know, then, that Arthur Melford is a friend of mine?"

"I have been aware of the fact for some time Florence," he replied, dryly.

I did not say anything more to my father on the subject. At the appointed hour I met Arthur Melford. He looked very pale, but there was a good deal of resolution expressed in his countenance There was evidently something on his mind.

"Florence, dearest," he said, gravely, "I have asked you to meet me here this morning to say good-by. and, Florence, I must ask you to forgive me for what I said to you a few days since, and also forget the words that told you of my love."

I looked in the face of Arthur Melford; it were a troubled, anxious look, that gave me pain.

"But, Arthur," said I, "why is this?" Do you mean——"

"I mean, Florence," interrupted Arthur Melford, "that I am a very poor man. As such, I had no business to ask you to love me; it was cruel for me, it was ungenerous. But I meant to persevere and try and win a better position in the world. I shall still persevere I shall still plod on—cheerily, I trust—and, Florence, the knowledge that I am not wholy inifferent to you will give me courage and hope."

"Yes—yes, Arthur," I said, "I shall never cease to love you: but tell me, has my father had anything to do with this change?"

"No, not exactly," he replied, evasively.

"Then it is Miss Sanderson," I said; "it is she who——"

"Hush, Florence, hush—not a word," said Arthur, gently.

The hot blood mounted to my cheek, as I fancied I had got at the truth. I became absorbed in one of those sudden fits of thought which possess the mind with all the tendency of a dream; and as I stood with my eyes vacantly fixed on the graveled pathway, I was unconscious of everything—even of the presence of my lover. Presently a low, gentle voice whispered in my ear.

"Farewell, Florence, farewell! If you are free, dearest, when I return, I may again know something of happiness."

I started from my trance. Arthur Melford was gone, and I saw him in the distance, walking rapidly away.

"And so it is Miss Sanderson who has done this; it is she who has come between me and Arthur Melford." I thought as I walked slowly home.

Exactly a month after my parting with Arther Melford my father was united to Miss Sanderson. The honeymoon was spent in Switzerland, and while the happy pair were away I visited some friends in the country.

I had not seen or heard anything further of Arthur Melford. Both my father and his wife were silent whenever I made any inquiries respecting him, and the more I reflected, more certain did I feel that there was a great deal concealed behind my parent's reticence. A certain coolness existed between me and my step-mother. In this cooless I must, however, confess that I took the initiative. I disliked my father's wife, why, I scarcely knew.

My father was happy, supremely happy in her society, and his relations and friends congratulated him on his choice. Then, too, what could be more admirable than the unvarying kindness with which Mrs. Maynard treated her huaband? while, as regarded myself, although she of course felt that there was a difierence between us, she would scarcely condescend to acknowledge its existence, and treated me with a generous affection which made me sometimes warm toward her in spite of myself.

But then, that sudden parting with Arthur Melford! What was the cause of that dreary farewell? Was it not probable that the daughter of young Melford's employer had found out that her father's usher was acquaintanced with me, and had she not felt it her duty to inform my father of the cladestine and presumptuous courtship of the poor and despised young man?

Eighteen months passed away. My father had retired from his share of the business in which he had so long and so profitably engaged, and we were residing in a pleasant little retreat in a quiet watering-place on the Kentish coast. It was Autumn. Seabridge was getting dull; the myriads who annually flock to the unpretending yet popular littl town, were falling off with the yellow leaf. In another brief month they would all be gone.

We lingered to the last, for my father enjoyed the rough weather that set in at the beginning of October, the Seabridge pier, with its tarpaulined sailors, formed his daily promenade. It was the season of the equinoctial gales, and the casualties at sea were becoming frequent and serious. The autumnal visitors to Seabridge for the benefit of their health began to experience a difficulty in taking their constitutional walks; trades people became anxious about their plateglass, and like so many sailors on board ship, prepared for a long spell of bad weather. One evening we were seated round a cosy fire, when a word or two spoken by my step-mother to my father roused my curiosity to a high degree. It was in reference to the bad weather that Mrs. Maynard spoke.

Terrible indeed at sea!" she said. "His ship will be due soon. Heaven grant him a safe voyage home!"

I could not catch my father's reply, but I wondered to whom Mrs. Maynard's remarks bore reference. After our early supper my father suggested that we should take a turn of the pier.

"There's a fine sea running," he said; "and as we return to London next week we must make the most of the briny."

We readily acquiesced, and having wrapped ourselves up in our warmest garments, set out The night was very dark, and the scantily lighted and narrow streets of the town looked desolate and deserted; but round the custom-house, which was opposite the pier, was assembled a group of sailors who, from their excited demeanor, were evidently discussing some grave calamity. We pressed on eagerly, being anxious to learn the cause of the excitement. One of the roughest and heartiest of the old salts informed us that the life-boat was about to set out to the rescue of a large clipper ship which had struck on the Eddy Sands, the crew of the light-ship having fired an alarm rocket.

In the course of a few moments the life-boat towed out by the steam tug, left the harbor, As they dashed out into the pitchy darkness of the night a loud cheer rose from the crowd assembled at the pier-head, and many a silent prayer was breathed for the safety of the gallant mariners and the success of their endeavors. We determined to remain on the pier until the return of the life-boat, which, it was said would probably be in the course of an hour and a half. We whiled away the time by taking brisk pedestrain exercise and although the night was cold and cheerless, we felt to much interested in the fate of the good ship which had run aground to think of any inconveniences we might experience.

Nerrly three hours elapsed before there were any signs of return of the life-boat, but at the end of that time a shout from the expectant multitude announced that she was at hand. A general rush was made toward the head of the pier, and in a few minutes the vessel and the steam tug had glided into the quiet waters of the harbor. The greatest excitement prevail d. It was soon ascertained that the name of the wrecked ship was the Alderton, from New York. The captain and the whole of the crew and passengers were saved, and as they landed on the pier they were scrutinized with curious eyes by the good people of Seabridge.

"Here comes the captain," exclaimed one, as a tall, dauntless-looking man mounted the wooden steps by the landing-place; "but who is that with him?—one of the passengers, of course."

But what was it that I saw? My father and his wife hastily rushed forward with a cry of surprise, and seemed to recognize the handsome young man who landed with the captain, and the young man himself greeted them cordially. Then I heard my father say:

"Thank God for this, my young friend! You are saved!—saved!"

In another instant I found myself face to face with Arthur Melford!

"Florence, dearest, I am at last able to throw off the mask, and to explain to you all that has seemed so mysterious, and has alloyed the love that should subsist between us Oh, Floy! I have long noticed your coldness toward me, and it has made me miserable; but thank Heaven! there will sood be an end to it."

It was my stepmother who thus spoke to me. We were alone together. It was but an hour since we had so unexpectedty met Arthur Melford.

"I am so astonished—bewildered by what has happened to-night—that I hardly know what to say," I replied. "Our meeting with ——"

"Listen, my dear girl," interrupted Mrs. Maynard, "and I will explain everything. You must know that I and Arthur Melford are distantly related to each other. Arthur's parents were poor, and he was left an orphan at an early age. When he was seventeen he became junior teacher at my father's school at Hackney. My father treated him with unvarying kindness, and in return for which he gave him most zealous and energetic services Arthur always looked upon me in the light of a sister, and made me his confidant in many of his private affairs. But he had no secret worth the telling until he accidentally met a certain Miss Florence Maynard; and when he told me—mind Floy, I was like a sister—that he had lost his heart to that young lady, and asked for my advice, I hardly knew what to say. He was poor, I reflected, and your father was rich. I was still in doubt and perplexity on the subject, and had almost determined to place the affair before Arthur in its true colors, when one of those strange chances which sometimes occur, introduced me to your father.

Now, I am not going to confess much, Florence, but I must a little. When Mr. Maynard proposed to me, I put into execution a very cunningly-devised plan. I told him the story of the loves of Arthur and Florence, and promised him my hand on this one condition, that he should do his best to improve Arthur Melford's worldly prospects. Your father asked me to introduce him to Arthur, and I did so privately. The interview was satisfactory in its results, for Mr. Maynard arranged that Arthur should go to Canada for a year or so to a mercantile house there, which was intimately connected in its relations with his own firm. Arthur joyfully acceded to the proposition, and he also promised to keep the affair a secret from you. In Canada he has won golden opinions for his steady, persevering, business habits. Of his sudden return I need say nothing to you, Florence Your affection for each other has been submitted to a severe test, and if you have ever looked upon me as your enemy, perhaps you will now admit that you have been a little unjust,"

Oh! how shall I express to you my sorrow?" I cried.

"By being a good girl for the future, and making a model wife for Arthur Melford." was the reply.

I sometimes think that the happiness I now enjoy is more than I deserve. I am Arthur Melford's wife, and my husband is junior partner in the prosperous mercantile firm to which my father formerly belonged. I shall never pay the debt of gratitude I owe my stepmother, for I often reflect that my cladestine acquaintance with the poor usher would have ended in disappointment and misery, had it not been for the wise interference of my father's wife.

The Women Clerks at Washington.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes as follows in regard to the women clerks at the departments: Copying and figuring is the work mostly done by the women. In the Department of the Interior five hundred girls and women are employed. Their wages range from $50 a month to $1,400 a year. Few get the latter price. One young lady, Miss Cook, a stenographer in the Indian office, gets $1,600 a year, the highest price paid to a woman official in Washington.

But, lest all the bright young lady shorthand writers who read this should at once start off, in a body, to get $1,600 a year, it may be as well to state that there are only places for about six stenographers in the whole Interior Department. These six places are filled, and the occupants are healthy. They do not intend to marry. They are afraid every man wouldn't be worth $1,600 a year to them.

Women clerks are more troublesome to manage than men. This is the verdict in most of the departments. They are more regular and faithful in their duties than men; at the same time they are more quarrelsome among one another. A standing cause of war among them, ridiculous enough, is the opening and shutting of windows. This one wants ventilation, while the next one to her is dead sure to be afraid of a draught.

This one slaps the window up, and that one runs after her and slams it down; and so the game goes on, slap, slam, while the ladies' eyes dart fire, and their little throats choke up too full for speech This cattish quarreling went so far in the Post Office department that at last the United States authorities had to interfere, and make the rule that windows should not be raised till a certain time of day, so that the windows of the United States General Post Office are now opened and shut according to government orders.

Many unjust stories have been circulated in the newspapers about the women clerks at Washington, by correspondents who were not half or quarter as good as they. The simple fact is that the great majority of them are modest, faithful, hard-working women. They are quite as good and intelligent as the same number of women anywhere else in the world. Most of them have families or relatives to support. The stories that have been told about them are not only lies, but under the circumstances; they are extremely cruel. At the same time, the conduct of a few incompetent women, who get their places through political favoritism, really has been such as to give color to the newspaper stories. They do their work indifferently, or not at all, come together and gossip by the hour in the dressing-rooms, squabble and raise petty rows in the departments until it is even wished that they were dead. Such women are kept in their places because they have masculine relations at home that can vote, and the men who keep them there are honorable senators and representatives who declare that civil service reform is a humbug.

A colored brother was telling his young friend that he ought to gine the church. Said George, "I would, but de temptation to do wrong is too strong for me." "Whar's yer backbone, dat ye can't rose up and stand temptation!" exclaimed brother Peter. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yere town I had a chance to steal a pa'r of boots—mighty fine ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand and de debbil said take 'em. Den a good spirit whispered for me to let them boots alone." "An' you didn't take 'em?" "No, sah—not much. I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, and I left dem boots alone!"

Miscelaneous Items.

When you cut give a good deal, said the hungry eucher player.—*New York Mail.*

A young lady of six summers, in the southern part of the city, rushed into her mother's presence on Sunday last, with the remark, "Mother, wonders will never cease!" "Why my dear?" "Why, Mr. and Mrs. W. are sitting on the porch talking just as sweet as though they weren't married!"

A Mount Aubin gentleman pointed out the constellation of the "Dipper" to his little girl the other night so plainly that she caught the idea, and after looking upon it with much interest for a minute, turned and said: "Now, papa, show me the wash-dish.—*Breakfast Table.*

Having been presented with Bosnia, Austria is now fighting for it. "To you, John," said a dying man, "I will give $10,000." "Why, father," said the son "you know you haven't a dollar in the world." "Of course I haven't, exclaimed the indulgent father. "yau must work for it!"—*Graphic.*

An indifferent actor was playing Othello at the Dunedid Theatre. When he came to the passage, "O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" a stentorian voice roared from the gallery, "All right, old fellow, drink away; you're safe."

CARRIED BY "A LARGE MAJORITY."

He pressed her to his manly breast
She seconded the motion.
His lips on hers he fondly pressed,
There was a slight commotion.

I'll put the question now, said he,
That you and I be married;
He voted "aye," and "aye," said she
—Decided—vote was carried.

He was a bachelor, had traveled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive. Hieroglyphics were nothing to him. But when he returned home the other day, and talked to his sister's baby, and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying, "Did his naughty, wauty uncle wunkle come homey womey and scarey warey my little putsey wutsey"—he just leaned over the back o the chair and wept.

He was an entire stranger to the girls present, and the boys were mean and would not introduce him. He finally plucked up courage, and stepping up to a young lady, requested the pleasure of her company for the next dance. She looked at him in surprise, and informed him she had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. "Well," remarked Cazanovia, you don't take any more chances than I do."

Fact. Lady going along the street t'other day, 'Maciated boy pathetically accosts her:—"Please, mum, won't yer gimme a penny to buy some bread? H'aint had nuthin' t'eat all day. Mother's sick and fathea's dead. Please mum!" "Have nothing for you.' 'Maciated boy trots feebly along side, tearfully repeating his affecting story. Lady gets tired, says. "No, little boy! And I don't want you running after me" "Hump! Need't be so d—n stiff about it!" Lady turns 'round and sees 'maciated boy standing on his head against a wall.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A minister's life has frequent disappointments. During the great revival a stolid, matter-of-fact farmer went into the inquiry-room, and was at once taken in hand by anxious and zealous workers. He seemed to be visibly affected by the hymn that was sung, and after the prayer one or two tears were apparently discovered. When asked, "Brother, do you feel any change?" he made a rapid and instinctive movement of his hand in the direction of his vest-pocket, and then settling back in his chair with a sigh, replied, "Not a cent; that's just what I'm after."

The practice of a widow retaining her superior title on her second marriage occasionly leads to awkward mistakes. Not long ago a gentleman who had esposed a lady with a handle to her name was travveling in the north, and entered in the visitor's book at a hotel in Edinburg: "Mr. —— and the Countess of ——" Presently the landlord asked to see the gentleman privately, and on his requesbeing gratified, scandalized the unfortunate bridegroom by saying: "You ken, sir, I am a mon of the world like yourself, and dinna you think you had better just put Mr. and Mrs ——, if its only for the looks of the thing."

A friend of mine, a native physician, was called in a few days ago by a Turk, and found him dying of dyspepsia, arising from torpor of mind and body. He advised him to ride. "I don't like riding," said the patient. "Then," said the physician, "spend a few hours every morning in your harem." "I hate my harem, was the answer. "Then," said the physician, "count your money a few hours.' "I don't care about money," said the patient. "Then." said the physician, "hang yoursef, for how can life be endurable to a man who does not care for his horse, or his wife or his money?" —*Fortnightly Review.*

Emigration from Europe seems to have set in again pretty largely for the Atlantic States. In the month of August, 9,495 persons left Liverpool as emigrants. This is the greatest number in any month during the present year, except in the month of May, when 9,880 sailed. Nearly the whole of last month's emigrants were for the United States, and more than half of the whole number were English. Formerly, for every one English, there were nineteen Irish emigrants. This is partly attributable to the gradual advance of wages, the increased demand for laborers, and the improved condition of small farmers under the Landlord-and-Tenant Act of 1869, one of Mr. Gladstone's measures of reform in Ireland which has turned out well. It was a very bold expedient and experiment.

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Miscellaneous News Items.

The Belgian minister is to marry a New York belle.

Alaia, Ia, has a 5 year old girl who weighs 100 pounds.

New York city reduced in debt over $5,000,000 in the last year.

Lumber mills employ 75 per cent. more labor than flour mills.

About $7,500,000 is invested in manufactures in Lewiston, Me.

Marshalltown, Ia., has 500 more scholars than its schools can accommodate.

Nearly all of the needles made in Great Britain come from Redditch, in Worcestershire.

French once gave the Cleveland Medical College $1,000, and the faculty stole his body.

The best article we ever saw on that noblest of animals, the horse, was a covered side-saddle.

President Garrett, of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, will arrive from Europe on the 15th instant.

Lord Rosebery made a brilliant speech on the opening of a new school of science and arts in Ireland.

[illegible] subscriptions lately raised for Mario were secure to him an annuity of about $30 per week.

Paris has 65,000 house, London 460,000, more than Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York combined.

Many beautiful ladies, when walking out, are angry if they are gazed at, and indignant if they are not.

The English fire brigades carry jumping sheets for the use of persons jumping from burning houses.

Mr. James Eaker, of Mayfield, Ky., is the father of thirty-five children, twenty-eight of whom are alive.

When a woman makes an effort to whistle, the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard much.

A man in New York has been sent to prison for selling his wife's wooden leg. It was an ill-legitimate transaction.

Florence Davenport, the youngest daughter of the late E. L. Davenport, will soon make her debut on the stage.

The proprietor of the Monument cheese factory recently shipped 20,000 pounds of Colorado cheese to Cardiff, Wales.

Fifty years ago 40 per cent. of college graduates in the United States became clergymen; now the per centage is only 17.

Five hundred and sixteen deaths, 489 births and 125 marriages were reported to have occurred in New York, last week.

A Boston firm has a British order for 5,000 reams of sand paper. Somebody over there is going to take a bath, apparently.

Henderson, Ky., has a hermaphrodite pig with blue eyes, the jaw of a child, and a snout and ears like those of an elephant.

Brother Potter is said to be enjoying domestic ease preparatory to another move upon fraud after the November elections.

Queen Victoria has appointed the king of Siam an honorary knight grand cross of the colonial order of St. Michael and St. George.

Three hundred kegs of bad beer thrown into a pond at Insteburg, Conn., proved that an intoxicated fish is a queer fish indeed.

The new bonanza in Nevada is right on a line with an old lode that was once very rich. Thus do great mines run in the same channel.

Dr. Babcock, who invented the fire extinguisher, is a drunken outcast in California. It was fire-water that extinguished him.

It has been decided at last that it is the lady mosquito that does the biting. It is the gentleman mosquito that makes the racket around your ears.

The Countess Bismarck, only daughter of the Prince, is engaged to Count Rantzan, of the ancient Schleswig-Holstein family of the same name.

A company has been formed for building a narrow gauge railroad from Jacksonville, Ore., to the ocean. Capital $2,000,000; length of road 100 miles.

A London publisher spent $12,500 in advertising a new magazine before the first number was printed, of which 100,000 copies were consequently sold.

The Germans of Shreveport, La., who sent an address of sympathy to the emperor when he was shot by Nobiling, have received a cordial letter of thanks.

Musical festivals, the Detroit *Free Press* thinks, are well enough for such towns as never have elopements and incendiary fires. They encourage such things.

A tomato weighing two pounds and measuring eighteen inches in circumference, grown by W. A. Z. Edwards, near San Jose, Cal., is the latest vegetable wonder.

In Mesnil-Sevin, France, resides an old man in whose house it has been the custom for the past thirty years, for all couples married in the village to pass their wedding night.

Bernard Donohue, of Yonkers, N. Y., who has made $400,000 by the recent rise in Sierra Nevada silver mining stocks, once worked in a buckle shop in Waterbury, Conn.

The Chinese at home never "go visiting." When one wants to see his relatives he journeys to their abode, puts up at a hotel, and sends for them to come over and shake hands.

Homer Griffin, who died in Lodi, Ohio, last week, aged 106 years, was a total abstainer—during the last four years of his life. The bartender wouldn't "put it on a piece of ice."

In the midst of the deep gloom that overspreads the South, reports show that the cotton crop was never more promising. There is now no complaint from farmers in any quarter.

The mob that tarred and feathered W. J. Jones in Truckee, Cal., used hot coal tar, which was not only poured over his body, but into his eyes. His sight was entirely destroyed.

When a Chinaman makes love to a white girl he doesn't rave about how his heart pants for her, etc. No, he simply tells her he loves her better than he does rats, and she believes him.

An Austrian resident of Bangkok, Siam, named Pyer, formerly a Roman Catholic in religion, has publicly renounced his faith and been formally received into the Budhist priesthood.

George Gorham, secretary of the Republican Congressional campaign committee, is quite seriously sick with some kind of kidney complaint. The election returns have nothing to do with it.

"Here I am for you," were the last words of Mehemit Ali as he rushed out from the burning tower at Jachova into the midst of his assassins. He was ruthlessly cut down with 200 attendants.

Madame Keller Lady of the Sacred Heart and general directress of the academy of that order at Manhattanville, New York, died in that city on Saturday. She was well known and much beloved.

The talk in St. Louis, Mich., is about Stephen Dodge, an exhorter, and one of the pioneers of Gratiot county, who has abandoned his wife and children and has eloped with an inmate of the poorhouse.

Rarhiel Maurice Suegne de Morales, the Spaniard who, when an invited guest of Princess Rattazzi, of Paris, slipped into her bedroom and stole some jewels, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Over 132,000 persons are employed on the East India railroads. The greater number are natives. In fact, the working of the lines is practically in their hands—in some cases not even under European supervision.

Mr. John Parker, of Louisville, whose father died recently in Paterson, N. J., leaving him $15,000, has written a letter to the executor, "relinquishing all right to his inheritence, coming as it did from a man who voted for Lincoln."

Billiards and pool have been introduced into Jerusalem. They are talking of introducing soap and water if the billiard rooms do well.

A drunken man in New York, when he came to his senses the other night, found that some woman had bequeathed him a baby to take care of.

He was getting a certificate from the clerk, and in reply to the usual question, "first or second marriage?" he said: "It's my second marriage, I'm sorry to say, but my wife requested me to marry again and I'm going to do it."

In a Michigan town not long ago the business affairs of a man who had suffered loss through a thieving clerk were put into the hands of a receiver. Now, in this case, it can't be said that "the receiver is as bad as the thief."

Red-shirted darkeys and even colored women in red tippets—the firier the better—salute Wade Hampton in crowds as he passes in his campaigning through South Carolina. An audience of five thousand, all colored people, greeted him at Bonneau's on Thursday night of last week.

Diamonds do not often come to one anonymously, but Miss Clara Louise Kellogg received one in that manner from an opera-struck Chicagoan the other day. The donna very sensibly turned the jewel into food for the destitute of Memphis.

The most important piece of Roman sculpture ever found in London was lately excavated. It is believed to have formed part of a mausoleum. London was a large city, with a mint and other metropolitan institutions, even in Roman days.

A large ape which was chained to a tree in the grounds of one of the Estahazy family, lately descended on the countess while she was driving, and tore her dress and arm. Her husband arrived in time to shoot the beast before serious harm was done.

A San Francisco paper says that the convicts in the State prison have contributed more to the relief of the yellow fever sufferers than the State officers at Sacramento; the newsboys more than the railway offices, and the theatres more than the churches.

A Lancaster man drank two quarts and a pint of water in one minute and fifteen seconds, a keg of beer being wagered that he could not do it in two minutes. But he drank all the beer shortly afterwards in order to neutralize the effect of the water.

Among Stanley's competitors in the field of African travel is an elderly schoolmaster of Steglitz, Germany. On the principle of doing at Rome as Rome does, he left home (having started secretly) with one shirt, one pair of stockings and an old overcoat.

Professor Watson, whose salary was recently reduced, has left Ann Arbor and gone to Madison, Wis., to take charge of the Observatory of the Wisconsin university, which he endowed and is now in course of construction. He will be tendered the chair of astronomy.

Senator Bayard is accredited with saying that in his opinion there will be three Presidential candidates in the field in 1880—the Republican, Democratic and Greenback candidates. It is possible, too, that the House of Representatives may be called upon to elect the next President.

In Brazil all males over 21, be they white or black, and all civilized Indians who have arrived at the majority, are allowed the right of suffrage. A traveler reports that elections are conducted with seeming fairness, and without any evidences of excitement or of partisan bitterness.

In West Gardiner, Me., a lad saw an eagle, evidently fatigued, dragging a heavy trap and three feet of chain. The boy seized the bird by the neck, and after a struggle captured it. It was of unusual size, and had it not been handicapped by the trap, must have been more than enough for the youngster.

A horse that had been for years kept by a gentleman of Manchester, N. H., was at length sold to a farmer who lived thirty miles away. The horse did not seem satisfied with its new quarters, and after a few months was missing. It was homesick, and it made its way back into the stable it had so long occupied.

The jealous woman in New Jersey who conspired with an over-compliant postoffice clerk to intercept and open her husband's letters, has put him and herself into the clutches of the law. Both have been convicted—and the warning is a solemn one for women who suspect their "worser" halves of improper goings-on.

The late Colonel Kinloch Falconer, secretary of State for Mississippi, went from Jackson to Holly Springs, his native town, to help his friends and family in their hour of trouble. His father died, and then his brother, and then he himself was stricken. He served in the confederate army on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston.

John Brougham has suffered a severe bereavement. His wonderful parrot, which for many years has been his companion and friend, succumbed on Thursday to illness, and when his master returned from a meeting of the members of the Dramatic Fund, he found him stiff and stark at the bottom of his cage. The old actor's attachment for the bird is well-known.

M. D. Conway writes from London that Mr. Edward Truelove, imprisoned four months for selling a Malthusian pamphlet by Robert Dale Owen, had a welcome on his release from prison which will not have failed to make its impression. Mr. Truelove is one of the most venerable booksellers in London. He is a man of not only unblemished character, but of singularly modest manners and unaggressive temper.

Mrs. C. E. Deihm, the New York lady who owns the "Centennial Safe," (a wonderful repository, which, being shut and sealed on the 22d of next February, Washington's birthday, will be kept closed for exactly one hundred years, has been in Washington to pay her respects to Mrs. Hayes. The President's wife will contribute the inkstand and pen for the safe—with which the eight to seven commission signed their verdict.

On the suppression of the commune in Paris, 500 boys were among the prisoners taken, and it was proved that large numbers of the murders and incendiaries were committed by them. They were sent to a reformatory at Rouen, and on being carefully inspected by two eminent physicians, it was found that 337 were of very delicate form and stunted growth. They were, however, among the most mischievous, and all the children of drunken mothers.

What are called the Princess Mary's Village Homes, at Addlestone, England, were established chiefly for the benefit of infant children of female felons. The children are carefully trained for industrial occupations and a large proportion of them turn out remarkably well. They require exceptional care in training, from the fact that so many of them have had drunken mothers, which often produces in the offspring what has been termed moral insanity.

Miss Carrie A. Wheeler, a Boston young lady who has yet hardly bidden adieu to her teens, has been busily engaged during the past summer in constructing an opera bouffe, which the Hollis Street Dramatic club, of which she is a member, intend to produce this winter. The operatta, which is now practically completed, is wholly the work of the young lady, its text, songs, piano accompaniments, introduction, dances, etc., having been composed and written out by her.

Robbery of a Black Hills' Treasure Coach.

[Deadwood Special to Chicago Times.]

Last week Thursday the treasure coach going to the Cheyenne & Black Hills Stage company, was robbed of about $27,000 in gold bricks, dust, and jewelry, taken from what was supposed to be their burglar-proof safe. The report of the robbery and the death of Hugh O. Campbell, who was a passenger on the coach, has been telegraphed to the *Times*. Early last week the road agents stopped a coach near their regular place between Cheyenne river and Jenney's stockade. Here they ransacked the mail bags, taking everything out, opening and destroying all letters they thought it was possible that would contain anything of value. While engaged in their devilish act they asked about the treasure coach and told the driver they would "take it in" in a few days. Their warning was unnecessary, for this coach is always guarded by from

THREE TO FIVE MESSENGERS

who are armed with revolvers and repeating rifles. Some of these messengers are well known to the traveling public—Boone May, Scott Davis, Gale Hill, William Ward, and last, but not least, Capt. Smith, all of whom have been under fire several times, and have shown their metal to be good. The passengers on the south-bound coach last Wednesday met Boone May with his men, following, as he said, a party of these "agents," whom he thought they would come up with by night or the next day at noon. They were supposed to be but a short distance in advance. It proved, different, however, for the agents were better mounted than was expected, and they rode so much faster than their followers that they reached Canon Springs, about forty-five miles south of Deadwood, in time to capture the station, bind the two herders, and make their plans for

THE CAPTURE OF THE STAGE,

with its golden treasure. The first thing done after binding the herders was to tear the chinking out from between the logs of the station in such places as it was desirable to place a man to fire at the messengers. Then the men took their places and awaited the coach's arrival. As it drew up to the station, and just as the driver alighted, the five men, each having picked his man, or where he supposed a man to be, fired. The result was one man, Hugh Campbell, killed, Gale Hill shot through the side, Captain Smith rendered insensible, the ball that killed Campbell having struck the latter in the forehead, but not hard enough to make a dangerous wound, as he recovered before the fight was over. Scott Davis sprang out of the coach on the opposite side, taking shelter behind some trees. Here he defended himself a short time, but the robbers' fire was too warm, and he was compelled to move further into the brush. Here he saw that

IT WAS ALL OVER

with Hill and Smith as far as fighting went, as one of the robbers had the driver in front of him, and, marching him up to Davis, he made him surrender, and immediately bound both. Hill fell where he had been fighting. He had received another ball through his arm. This, with the wound in his side, bleeding profusely, had weakened him so that he was unable to resist. Hill was left at the station while the robbers blindfolded Smith and the driver, put them in the coach and drove down the road about a mile, when they were taken out and tied to the wheels of the coach. The robbers were now ready for their work. The safe, which weighs about 600 pounds, strapped with heavy iron bands to the floor of the coach, was torn from its fastenings and thrown to the ground, when they commenced pounding the door with sledges. They soon forced the door and the bricks, dust, and jewelry were theirs. The men told Smith and the driver that they would stop at the milk ranch some distance below and

SEND SOME ONE TO RELEASE THEM.

Before the relief arrived, however, the driver succeeded in releasing himself and then Smith, who was nearly dead from suffocation, as the men had gagged and bound him so tightly that he could breathe only with difficulty. Scott Davis, who escaped in the woods during the fight, walked six miles to Beaver Creek, where he found a horse and continued on his way to the Stockade. Meeting with Boone May, they at once organized a strong party and started for the station to capture the thieves if possible. Of course they arrived too late to save the treasure, for the men had been gone several hours. Campbell's body was taken to Deadwood, where it was buried by the Masonic order. Hill was taken to Deadwood Saturday, and telegrams state that the chances of his recovery are very slim, as he has lost so much blood. Upon examination it was found that Campbell had three balls in his legs and one through his body, besides the one through his head, which caused his death. The report of this affair spread like wild fire, and before noon the following day.

THE VIGILANTS OF DEADWOOD

were scouring the country, accompanied by a large force of deputy United States marshals and agents. The result of their scout so far is two arrests. Jon H. Brown was arrested on Saturday near Canon Springs by one of the deputies. He has been regarded for a long time as a hard character, and when arrested acknowledged that he is the one that shot Daniel Finn, on July 2, at Lance creek. Finn returned the fire, making only a flesh wound in Brown's breast. As soon as he was arrested he was bound and started for Cheyenne under guard, reaching here yesterday, when he was placed in close confinement in the county jail. The second "agent" captured is said to be C. H. Burroughs. Why he did not come to Cheyenne is still unexplained. A letter to the United States marshal here says: "I have another of the robbers under arrest here and will send him down on the next coach if we are not compelled to kill him on account of an effort to escape." The driver of the coach told the same story, but gave a sly wink and waved his hand in the air, as much as to say,

"HE'S SWINGING."

The stage company offer a reward of $2,500 for their capture and the return of the gold. Ever since the line was started the company have had everything to contend with, the worst of all the robbers, and it certainly is to their credit the way they have fought them.

Moire and satin striped in edging and trimming bonnets and hats.

The Story of Innach Garden.

"Armo virumque cano,"
The man with two arms and a hoe,
I sing.
The spring
Saw him with spade and hoe and rake,
With back and arms that burn and ache,
Dig and swear
At the hard earth where
Over the adamantine sod
All winter long the family trod.
All day long like a slave he wrought,
The spade was dull and the day was hot;
When a cooler or softer place he sought,
Sunstrokes and brick bats filled the spot,
From rosy dawn,
Till the day was gone,
With tears and sw—rs he labored on.
By Luna's light the lettuce bed
With seed of *lactuca sativa* were fed;
Where the onion wept at its breathful taste
The bulbs of the *allium cepa* be placed;
And you never have seen a
More charming verbena
Than those he put in the oblong mould
With *viola tricolor* bordered round.
And on each side of the walk from the gate a
Row of the *reseda odorata*
Back in the kitchen garden bed,
Raphanus sativus, white and red;
Where the tall poles burned the haunted air is.
The place where he plants *phaseolus vulgaris*
All of the seeds that the grocer had,
Lots of things good, and some things bad;
Things that he didn't know how to spell,
Roots that bite and bulbs that smell;
Unknown vines of suspicious breeds;
Sprouts that come up and turn to weeds,
Things it would poison the children to pull,
Every inch of his garden he filled it full.
Daybreak came, and its early ray
Smiled on the garden just as it lay.
Eight o'clock, and the man went down
To his office desk in the busy town.
Nine, and his family flitted away,
With a rich relation to spend the day.
Then,
Just as the whistle was tolling ten,
A hen,
Pride of the flock that lived next door
(Numbering a hundred and seventy-four,)
Peeped through a crack of the neighbor's fence,
And said to her comrades, "Lettuce, hens."
Hens!
They come by ones, by scores, by tens;
Gallus old birds, a clarion crew,
Came with the crowd, as they always do;
Bantams, hardly as big as a match,
But worse than a snow-plough on the scratch;
Dorking-fowls that make things whir
When they dig up the ground with their extra spur;
Malays and Hamburgs, spangled and plain,
White-cheeked chickens that hail from Spain;
Fighting game chickens, Polands black,
Guinea hens, with eternal "squack;"
Hens with chicks that weetled and cried;"
Hens bereaved, whose weetles had died;
Giddy young hens, that never had set,
Grave old hens that were at it yet;
Portly old roosters solemn and stout;
Old time bruisers with one eye out;
Hens, with broods of awkward ducks,
That paid no heed to their anxious clucks,
And never regarding their worried looks,
Plunged into gutters and ponds and brooks;
Mortified roosters, with tail feathers lost;
Fowls whose claws were nipped by the frost,
Business like birds, with no ear for fun,
Pullets whose troubles were just begun;
Tough old fowls, for the boarders collation,
Yellow-legged hens, of the Wesleyan persuasion;
Bright gems in the circuit rider's vacation;
Baptist like ducks, with their awkward totter,
Hunting around for some waist-deep water,
Blue looking turkeys, scratching a living,
Fore-ordained to die next Thanksgiving;
And here in the mob was a solemn passel;
Of geese, with tremendous feet for a wrestle,
Not much on the scratch, but 'twas easily seen
They were worse on grass than a mowing machine.
Where they all came from nobody knew,
But over the fence in clouds they flew;
And into the garden, for life or death,
They scratched till they panted out of breath;
No pause, no stop, no stay for rest,
Till the sun went down in the crimson west;
Till the man came home from his work an found
The yawning clifts in the riven ground,
And he gazed for a space, with a fearful start,
While the deep sobs broke from his grateful heart;
And he clasped in his arms his babes and spouse
"Thank heaven, the earthquake spared my house!"

Burlington Hawkeye.

SELFELOGE'S EXECUTION.

A Gloomy Episode in the Refgn of King Frederick William IV, of Prussia.

The jailer in the Moabit Prision in Berlin entered on the 24th of September, 1850, a dark cell, in which a tall man, with long black hair, and a pair of restless black eyes in a face by no means unprepossessing, was chained to the wall.

"Sefeloge!" said the jailer, in a tremulous voice, "Will you be a man?"

The prisoner looked at him with an expression of terror. He muttered a few incoherent words.

"To-morrow at daybreak," proceeded the jailer, "all will be over."

The prisoner sprang to his feet. The clanking of his chains caused the jailer to shudder.

"You mean that I shall not be among the living to-morrow morning at day break?" he gasped, stepping close up to the jailer.

The latter nodded his head.

"You will now be prepared for the scaffold, Sefeloge," he said to the prisoner.

Sefeloge uttered a cry of terror, and staggered back to his humble couch.

"I am not prepared to die," he moaned, bursting into tears. "Is there no hope?"

"None. He will be here directly?"

"Who?"

"The headsman. He will cut off your hair."

A convulsive tremor passed through the prisoner's frame. He began to utter heart rendering cries for mercy.

At this time the door of the cell opened. A middle-aged man of very resolute mien stepped in.

"You can leave us alone," said the newcomer to the jailer, who quiety withdrew.

And now commenced to truly revolting scene.

The prisoner shrank from the stranger in mute terror and despair.

"You had better be as docile as possible. I am the headsman," said the stranger. "Sit down by my side."

"No! No!" shrieked the ill-fated prisoner. "I am not ready to die yet!"

"You shall not die yet," rejoined the headsman. "You will be decapitated tomorrow."

"No! No!"

The headsman dragged him by his chain toward him. The prisoner endeavored frantically to resist him but the headsman's great strength enabled him to overcome the resistance of the struggling wretch.

While the latter was wildly clanking his chains, the headsman cut off the collar of his coat with a small but a very sharp nife.

The shirt-collar was removed, and, with a pair of sharp scissors, the hair of the prisoner was removed, the whole opeation occupying only a few minutes.

In the mean time the prisoner, whom the touch of the cold steel caused to shudder again and again, uttered loud yells, groans and imprecations.

"Oh, that my bullet had not missed the heart of that cruel King!" he finally exclaimed.

"Silence" thundered the headsman, "Annother such remark and I shall have gag you!"

"Down with King Frederick William IV?" cried the prisoner, definantly.

The next second the headsman had fastened a small iron gag in the mouth of his victim.

The latter tried to cry out, but was able to produce only a sort of a low gurgling sound.

The headsman then began to examine the prisoner's neck with his hands. He nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"That is a good neck," he murmured.

Then he left the cell.

The doomed man was no other than the would-be regicide, Sefelogue, who had deliberately fired at the breast of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. But his bullet had rebounded, the King having worn a mailclad vest. What Sefeloge's motive was in attempting to shoot the King has never been definately ascertained. He seemed to be a sort of crack-brained utopist, and a number of eminent physicians pronounced him insane.

Efforts were made to induce the King to commute the sentence of death that had been passed upon Sefeloge. But Frederick William turned a deaf ear to those remonstrances. His reason had been unsettled by the revolutionary commotions of 1848, and there can be but little doubt that in 1850 he was already insane. Thus a crowned madman signed the death warrant of another lunatic!

Until midnight Sefeloge remained in his cell heavily ironed and gagged. Then his fetters were removed, and a sumptuous repast was served to him.

On the eve of their execution Prussian culprits are treated with great liberality. They gave him also a bottle of port wine, which he drank so rapidly that he was soon completely intoxicated. And now the doomed regicide became horribly hilarious.

He made fun of himself, and joked about his impending death. He demanded more wine, and it was given to him. At last he fell into a sort of stupor, and passed a few hours in fitful slumber.

At five o'clock in the morning the headsman shook him by the shoulder. Sefeloge uttered a cry of alarm. Upon recognizing the headsman he turns deadly pale.

"It is time!" said the headsman.

The prisoner threw himself upon the stone floor of his cell, and rolled on it, a prey to indescribable anguish.

His appeals for mercy become deafening, and in this condition he had to be carried to the scaffold. There he almost became superhumanly strong, and for six minutes the headsman and his assistants were unable to drag him to the block upon which he was going to end his life. The witnesses of the shocking scene on the scaffold were terribly excited. One of the clerks of the court fainted. Others had to leave the scaffold in hot haste. Sefeloge's yells and roars were so deafening that they were heard at a considerable distance.

At last he was fastened to a block.

He uttered the last cry when the headsman's ax descended on his neck, and a thick stream of blood rose from the his trunk.

He was dead.

An Incident of the Plague.

At the corner of St Joseph and Baronne the reporter entered a room on the ground floor of a two story brick building. On a crib lay a boy apparently about thirteen years of age, whose tossings and twitchings were watched over by a fond mother. When the reporter entered, the wet eyes of the mother told the tale. Mistaking the identity of the reporter for a doctor she, with no little emotion, said: "Oh! doctor, Jimmy is dying."

Entering the room, the poor little sufferer was found to be breathing stertoriously, his eyes fixed, and evidently with but a short time to live.

"Doctor, do tell me," said the mother, "how long can he live! He was a good boy, and would not associate with bad boys. He was one of the best boys in the world."

The sun slanted down in the western sky, the shadows of the houses and fences lengthened out, the quiet of our short twilight stole over the streets, and as mother and cousin watched over the thin form of their beloved little one, without a warning, its spirit, in quietude and and peace, left its habitation, and, with those gone before, entered into the great unknown world.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

Egypt is the place for juvenile excursions A boy can always find his "mummy" there.

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BY STANLEY HUNTLEY.

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For Delegate to Congress,
BARTLETT TRIPP.
Of Dakota.

BISMARCK, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16, 1878.

FOR what office are you a candidate?

THE Black League seems to do pretty well in the South just now.

FOR plaster to heal the split in the Democratic ranks, apply to the nearest drug store.

SWASH away, boys, and start your men well ahead. The opposition may haul 'em back.

THE only trouble in appointing a committee of five is that a division is liable to make twins of some fellow.

TO RENT, furnished, five good and lawful citizens, warranted for one year to make nominations for the city or country.

THERE is no fear of a temperance ticket. There are not five of that sort of people in town to make a nominating committee.

NOTWITHSTANDING the name assumed by the convention of Monday, it is said that Hollembaek is not People's candidate.

THERE is one open question yet to be closed, and that is, Which particular line of politics Mr. Stoyell is at present straddling!

THOSE who were inclined to think the Democratic party is a weak infant, have awakened to the discovery that it is a healthy set of Tripp lets.

THE Hon. Ansley Gray has gone to Milwaukee for the sinews of war. His return will add a fresh impetus to business, and make the campaign more than ordinarily lively.

EVEN if every candidate running were elected, they would only attain the eminence reached by Denny Hannifin long ago. Like him they may get rich, but they can't be respectable

A careful survey of the field and a cautious canvass of the various aspirants for office, on both sides and independent, developes the important political fact, that "peace troubles their minds."

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if we place implicit confidence in Senator Spencer. Never having seen the gentleman but once, and then in the company of Lanse Edwards, of the Fargo *Republican*, we are not prepared to say that we do.

THE LATE manifestation of a multiplicity of parties, has made it extremely probable that the Chinese will put a ticket in the field. This will precipitate a battle between intelligence and the bloody shirt in which the Chinamen will have the bulge.

WANTED, badly, two sets of committees of five, one for the city Democratic convention, and one for the Republican. These committees must not be pledged to more than four candidates for each office, and at least one of each committee must be a voter.

ANOTHER county heard from! The Roscoe *Express* hauls down the Bennett flag and pledges itself to Bartlett Tripp. This streak of honest lightning is hitting around pretty generally, and the prospect is that when Bennett is gathered together on the night of Nov. 5th there won't be any paper left to wrap up the fragments in.

DR. HOLLEMBAEK, the nominee of the People's party, claims to be a Democrat. The Democracy have but a short time in which to make up their minds whether they will indorse him or put up a candidate against him. So far, he holds the "age," and the convention must bet. The question now is, not of hand, but nerve.

CONVENTIONS for the nomination of candidates can now be leased at low rates of the chairman of the central committee. The best stock has been disposed of, but there are a few conventions left which will be leased at reduced prices—Country orders solicited. A liberal reduction to political infants and clergymen.

AND now comes the Sioux Falls *Independent* with Bartlett Tripp's name at the mast-head. The *Independent* has been a Republican paper, but Mr. L. G. Hitchcock has taken hold of it, and converts it from the error of its former ways. One by one the Republican roses fall as the Democratic breezes blow cold upon them.

CARLAND has withdrawn from the race for district attorney. That is unfortunate, as it gives Stoyell a walk over, which in its turn is unfortunate, as the lately arrived ministers had great hopes of converting Stoyell from politics to Christianity. It might be said in this connection that ministers who have been here some time have imitated Carland and given Stoyell up.

WARDS desirous of making the best nominations for aldermen will do well to apply to Denny Hannifin, or the People's convention, for assorted sizes of committees of five. These committees are warranted to stand all weathers, and not to shrink in any climate. Candidates will do well to call upon the remnants of the convention or Mr. Hannifin, before going elsewhere.

MR. C. S. DOUGLAS, of Fort William, Ont., has been in town for several days endeavoring to perfect arrangements for the establishment of a Republican newspaper. Mr. Douglas is the gentleman who visited Bismarck a short time since for the purpose of starting a Democratic paper, bringing with him the reputation of being an excellent and experienced journalist, and withal a clever, companionable fellow.

THE following were the Hon. Bartlett Tripp's assignments for the past week: Galena, Thursday evening, October 10; Sturgis City, Friday, October 11; Spearfish, Saturday evening, October 12; Lead City, Monday evening, October 14; Central City, Tuesday evening, October 15; Deadwood, Wednesday evening, October 16. Tripp clubs were formed in each place; in fact Tripp clubs are becoming as thick as the trees of the forest.

THE evil genius who presides over the destinies of the Yankton *Press and Dakotian* opines that THE TRIBUNE was purchased for campaign purposes alone and that Bartlett Tripp put up the money. The paper was bought by the present management without any aid from, or consultation with, Mr. Tripp, and supports him because he is the best man to represent Dakota in Congress. "About $500 is the figure he (Tripp) has offered in Southern Dakota for the use of weekly papers", says the *P. and D.* Had he offered half that sum for daily papers in Southern Dakota, we might look for a radical change in the politics of the *Press and Dakotian*.

Mr. Tripp made many friends during his stay in this place; his address was a very gentlemanly and matter-of-fact treatment of the contest between him and Judge Bennett. Although we do not agree with Mr. Tripp politically, we do not hesitate in saying that he is a man well qualified for the position he aspires to, and if elected will work for the best interests of the whole Territory. There is strong feeling developing in his favor, and more votes will be cast for him in this section than was at first expected.—*Grand Forks Plaindealer*, (*Rep.*)

This is a sample of the tributes paid Bartlett Tripp wherever he is known. Republican and Democratic papers combine to do him honor, as the substantial men of the Territory will combine on the 5th of November to elect him delegate to congress.

NOT a breath has been raised against the integrity of Bartlett Tripp by even the most venomous of his foes. Not a word has been said against his ability and sound judgment. Since the campaign opened the only complaint against him has been that he won't consent to go before the people on a few feigned issues. Mr. Tripp knows the people of Dakota and knows their wants, and a majority of the population of the Territory propose that he shall represent them. There is no time for a canvass of technicalities. The people are not running either man in order that he may show himself off for the entertainment of his immediate friends. They want a representative whose interest is in the whole Territory, and not in a few mines, and that representative is Bartlett Tripp, and that representative they propose to have.

SPEAKING of the Indians the Deadwood *Pioneer*, (Rep.,) says:

Their stamping grounds should speedily be contracted. This being done, they would be in narrower limits, and consequently more easily controlled. Such action would be beneficial in every light in which it may be viewed. It would throw more lands open for settlement, while settlers would have better security from frequent incursions. The contraction, too, would have a strong tendency to induce the nomads to adopt our methods of civilization and become good and useful citizens. There should be but few reservations, and these close to each other.

It is when the scalps of these Republican gentry are in danger that they flee to Democratic principles for salvation. The first article of the Territorial Democratic platform reads:

Resolved, That the withholding from settlement of large tracts of land in our territory, and reserving the same for the use of roaming bands of savages is detrimental to the best interests of the people, not only of Dakota, but of the whole country; that these bands of Indians should be removed to the territory set apart for their use, or confined to smaller tracts of country, and the balance of such reservations opened to settlers under the pre-emption and homestead laws of the United States.

Now, that the *Pioneer* man has embraced the true faith, it only remains for him to perfect his conversion and support the exponents thereof.

THE PEOPLE IN PRINT.

THE SITUATION.

Editor Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, Oct. 14.—The people of Dakota, as well as throughout the country, had expected in this campaign, at a time when the hearts of the American people are moved to tears of sorrow for our afflicted brothers and sisters in the South in their plague stricken condition, when contributions of money and provisions are being forwarded from every town, city and hamlet in America, and from every civilized part of the globe, that for a time, at least, the "bloody shirt" would have been hidden from sight in our Territorial election. But Granville G. Bennett, the Republican nominee for Congress, has been pleased to flaunt it in the faces of our citizens. We remember the time when he, in company with George A. Hand, jokingly known throughout the Territory as our war governor, or the "Bloody Hand", and ex-Governor Pennington, the jobber, stood shoulder to shoulder in denouncing the miners and people of the Black Hills as outlaws and robbers, and were instrumental, with the aid of thieving Indian agents, in sending our soldiers to drive out the miners. By their wickedness the bloodthirsty savages have been transformed into plundering squads of murderous banditti, and the blood of our miners, our soldiers, and pioneers, has been drank in the war dances at the different Indian agencies. The hearts of our army officers have been roasted in the burning faggots of the tepee fire. The scalps of our wives and children have been flaunted in our faces for eight years, with no prospect of reform. The strong arm of the military power of the government, with glistening bayonets, resisted the right of the people to open or explore our mysterious canyons and golden mountains. Under Republican rule they actually burned the wagons and equipages and provisions of our people. There is a terrible hidden bloody shirt in Dakota's unwritten history. Mr. Bennett and Hand need not go south to get one, but on the 5th of November the people of Dakota can say whether American citizens will be allowed to explore the coming empire, or whether they will be bound hand and foot to the schemes of wicked, designing men.

Bartlett Tripp is the Democratic candidate for delegate to Congress and if elected, Dakota will move onward and upward. The citizens of the Black Hills claim him as the peoples' candidate. He is sober, industrious and honest, and every thinking voter should rally to his standard and carry him through.

J. A. EMMONS.

DR. SLAUGHTER'S CREED.

Editor Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, Oct 14.—As I have been called upon to run for the council I beg leave to submit the articles of my creed to the voters of Burleigh and Morton counties.

First. I believe in the grand principles of Democracy, in universal brotherhood, and in equal rights for all.

Second.—I believe in the early admission of Dakota as a state and in legislation tending to secure that end.

Third. I believe in the reduction of the limits of military and Indian reservations, believing that the government can better afford to pay for hay and wood, than that the rights of the poor homesteader should be barred. Public lands are better converted into farms for settlers than reserved as elbow room for Indians.

Fourth. I believe in the reduction of taxes in retrenchment of public expenses and in the economical administration of local affairs.

Fifth. I believe in the developement of the agricultural resources of the territory, the building up of the manufacturing interest—the fostering of educational enterprises.

Sixth. I believe I will be elected.

I believe my life in Bismarck for the past six years is an open book. There are no secret pages in my history of which I am ashamed. I stand on my record, and in expressing gratitude to the people for their confidence in me, as shown in my nomination, I can but say that my most earnest efforts in the future as in the past shall be given to promote the best interest of Burleigh and Morton counties. So much for my virtues. My faults are already much better known to the community than to myself and I leave to others the mournful task of commenting thereon.

B. F. SLAUGHTER.

TAX PAYERS KICKING.

Editor Bismarck Tribune.

M. P. Slattery declines to be a candidate for alderman of the first ward, believing as he does, himself young in years and deficient a good deal of the ways of the world. But he expects to see by the election of good officers, that the Burleigh county taxes will be reduced from thirty-six mills on the dollar to twelve, and by good management that the Burleigh county jail will not be reckoned one of the best paying hotels in Dakota Territory. There has been money enough paid into our treasuries for taxes, licences and fines to pay four dollars per acre for every acre of land in Burleigh county, and that within six years. Where are our county improvements? We have none. Where is the money? The devil knows I don't know. The old saying is those who dance pay the fiddler, but it has not been so in Burleigh county and the city of Bismarck. The officers did the dancing and they make the tax payers pay the fiddler. Tax payers look out and watch us if for nothing but your own interest.

M. P. SLATTERY.

A GENTLE DIG.

Editor Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, Oct. 10.—As one of the transferred who desires to be continued on the subscription list, I ask the privilege of expressing a hope and asking a question. Noticing your personal thrusts at President Hayes are especially including his conceded to be excellent wife and model mother, I hope your paper will take a higher stand, and not go into so common yet not commendable style of warfare.

I see you quote the utterances of ex-Senator Spencer, of Georgia, now of the Hills of Dakota. Do you place implicit confidence in his political sayings and doings? Is he the guide you desire your fellow citizens to follow?

Wishing you business success in this, to you, new broad field, I am, yours,

J. F. WALLACE.

ONE WHO DON'T DO IT.

Editor Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, Oct. 15, 1878.—As my name has been mentioned in your paper as a candidate for office, I respectfully state that I desire no office, believing that the jealous science of the law will not permit me to desert her chaste embrace, in order to bask in the smiles of political prostitutes.

JOHN E. CARLAND.

Amusements.

After a variety of vicissitudes in his efforts to secure the best variety performers, Sam Whitney has succeeded in procuring one who is a credit to the management of the Opera House. There is a disposition on the part of some performers to assume that a frontier audience is not critical, but this disposition finds no welcome in Mr. Paus Le Petre, whose first appearance in this city last night tore up the whole audience with delight and won for Mr. Whitney the highest enconiums for the liberality of his management. In Irish and Dutch characterizations Mr. Le Petre is immense, and his whole business was indescribably funny and laughable. As the term of his engagement is short, those who want to hear him should go and lose no time.

Bad Influences.

[Black Hills Herald.]

Secretary Schurz has directed the arrest and return to their agency the three Indian men and one squaw from Pawnee agency, Indion Territory, now performing with the Buffalo Bill troupe. Their absence from the reservation without leave from the agent, he thinks, is calculated to cause discontent among the other Indians, while their present mode of life will not improve their moral character.

Mobilization of the Seventh.

The steamer Josephine arrived Friday with three companies of the Seventh Infantry, in command of Lieut. Colonel Gilbert. They left in the evening on a special train for Fort Snelling. There were eleven cars in the train; seven of them carried the egiment. The band of the regiment was with this detachment. Six companies in all will quarter at Snelling, and the other four remain at Shaw.

Prairie Fires.

The prairie fire at Fort Stevenson burned up $25,000 worth of property. At Berthold it burned the Mandan winter camp and drove the Indians to the west side of the Missouri. The fires have extended to Buford and burned over a big territory. The buffalo are on Little Knife river in herds of thousands.

In from Keogh.

The mail wagon from Fort Keogh made its last trip in one hundred hours. H. G. Coykendall and J. M. Turner, one of Miles' scouts, were passengers in. They reported an inch of snow west of the Little Missouri The party killed one bear weighing four hundred pounds and wounded another.

Land Office Notices.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
BISMARCK, D. T., Oct. 14th, 1878.

To Frank Fleming and Henry Laffarte:

John Brasch having offered to make proof and payment on the s e ¼ of the s e ¼, and lot No. 3, Sec. 24, township 139, r 80, you are hereby notified that a hearing will be had at this office on Friday, Nov. 8th, 1878, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time you will be present and give testimony, if any you have, why said proof and payment should not be made.

PETER MANTOR, Register.
20 23 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Bismarck, D. T. October 1, 1878.

To Henry Sagnier, Peter Brondin, Harvey Bensley and Frank Fleming:

Rucker A. Coffer having offered to make proof and payment on the N½ of the SE¼ and the N½ of the SW¼ of Sec. 24 Tp. 139 R 81, you are hereby notified that a hearing will be had at this office on Friday the 25th day of October, 1878, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time and place you will be present and show cause if any you have, why said proof and payment should not be made.

PETER MANTOR, Register.
18t4 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver

TERRITORY of DAKOTA, County of Burleigh. } ss In Third Judicial District Court.

Rhoda A. Currier, Plff., against Lewis C. Currier, Deft. } Summons.

The Territory of Dakota to Lewis C. Currier, defendant above named.

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in this action, which is filed in the office of Clerk District Court in said county, and serve a copy of your answer upon the subscriber, at his office in the city of Bismarck, in said county, within thirty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service.

If you fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.

Dated at Bismarck, D. T., this 4th day of September, 1878.

PRESTON & WILLIAMS,
14t7 Plaintiff's Attorneys, Bismarck, D. T.

Announcement--To the Voters of the 3d Judicial District of Dakota.

GENTLEMEN:—At the request of numerous friends of both political parties, I hereby announce myself as an independent candidate for the office of District Attorney, and respectfully ask your support.

WILLIAM G. WOODRUFF.
Grand Forks, Sept. 14th, 1878. 16tf

WM. GLITSCHKA—Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Feed, &c. Agent for Minneapolis Soap. Main St opposite post office.

E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.—Watchmakers and Jewelers. Main Street, opposite Tribune block, Bismarck, D. T.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Chemists.

Dyspepsia is the costly price we pay for luxuries. All civilized nations suffer from it, more or less, but none so much as the people of the United States. It is here, in the New world, that the disease has become domesticated, and we as a people, have threatened to monopolize its miseries. Let us check its further progress by the use of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.
2013 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

E. MENKUS,

CHICAGO STORE,

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

DRY GOODS

AND

Millinery.

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods and Ready Made Clothing.

An Unusually Large and well Selected Stock at Bottom Prices.
50tf

THE OLD RELIABLE

Montana Meat Market,

Cor. Main and Second Streets

is always supplied with everything in the way of

Fresh and Salt Meats,

Butter, Eggs, Poultry and Game

In their Season.

Superior facilities for furnishing Steamboats with Fresh Meats. 5-24tf

JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.

JOHN P. DUNN. CASH O DUNN

DUNN & CO.,

PIONEER DRUGGISTS

Bismarck, D. T.

A Full Line of Drugs, Medicines

Paints, Oils,

GLASS, &C.,

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Sep11-78tf

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Third Street, next door back of Merchants Hotel.

BISMARCK, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres and Worsteds

which will be made up in the latest and nobbiest styles. Have procured the services of Mr Heldt, a first-class cutter. A good fit guaranteed Give me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned and repaired on short notice. 17mb

E. C. BROHOLM,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Fourth Street, opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order

in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specially made of

Neat Repairing.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices. 12m1

Chris Hehli,

KING OF BARBERS,

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

A First-Class shaving hall where none but the most competent workmen are employed.

Hot and Cold Baths.

JOHN MASON,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS,

AT THE OLD STAND, MOORHEAD, MINN

Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People. 10tf

1878. ESTABLISHED 1872

COMPLIMENTS OF

James A. Emmons, Wine and Liquor Merchant, Bismarck, D. T.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

THERE IS MORE JOY IN HEAVEN

OVER ONE SINNER SAVED THAN TWO IN THE BUSH,

The Roscoe Express is Converted from the Error of Republicanism, so it Pulls Down the ennett Flag and Raises the Tripp--Comparison of the Two Candidates.

[Roscoe (Moody Co.) Express.]

By reference to the Territorial ticket at the head of this column it will be seen that we have taken down the name of Granville G. Bennett, and placed in its stead that of Bartlett Tripp as our choice for delegate in Congress. By adopting this course we expect to make enemies and friends. We expect some papers in the Territory will severely censure us while others will commend our action; but this makes no difference to us. We do not make this change for the purpose of pleasing any one, nor have we made the change for the purpose of having our name heralded all over the Territory as a bolter, for a true Republican. as we profess to be, and as our record will prove, does not like that kind of notoriety No, reader, those are not our reasons. We make the change because we believe Bartlett Tripp to be the best man of the two for delegate in Congress.

We do not believe it to be right to make the Supreme Bench a stepping stone to Congress, and the sooner the Republican party learns that such work will not be tolerated, the sooner we will have purer courts, and the surer the success of the party will be Our courts should be entirely independent of politics.

Judge Bennett has been in the Territory about three years He came here with a commission in his pocket and has held it ever since Ever since he came here he has received a salary of $3,000 per year, but never has he invested one dollar in property in the Territory He does not even own a house and lot within her borders, but lives in a rented house in Yankton How why is this? Has he no interest in the prosperity of the Territory, and does he not intend to help in building it up and pay a share of the taxes? Does he seek to save every cent he can, and when there is no longer a chance to fill his pockets from the public crib, pick up his gripsack and say, "good bye, gentlemen, I have had all I can hope to receive at your hands I leave for a country that suits me better than Dakota" If this is his intention, and it surely looks as though it was, else why has he not as much as bought a residence, he should certainly not be placed in the highest office in the gift of the people His friends say he is poor That may possibly be, but we do say that if he has not been able to save enough in three years, out of a salary of $3 000 dollars a year, to build a residence, he is not the man the people of Dakota want to represent them in Congress. If he cannot manage his own affairs successfully, he is not the man to be entrusted with the peoples' business Now the question comes, is he unable to save anything out of his salary, or is he a resident of the Territory only so long as he can hold some fat office? In either event he is not the man, in our opinion, to send to Congress, and we believe they will tell him so at the polls next month

These are some of our reasons for substituting Mr Tripp's name for that of Mr. Bennett, and as the campaign progresses, we shall give others But let us look at the other side

Bartlett Tripp came to Dakota about ten years ago and engaged in the practice of law in the city of Yankton Since that time he has followed his profession, and by constant toil and strict economy, has built up an enviable practice, and has accumulated property, all of which is in Dakota He has stood the trials of frontier life, has helped make Dakota Territory what she is to-day He has invested his money in the Territory, and pays his share of the taxes, while Judge Bennett came here with a commission in his pocket. Bartlett Tripp did not, never has held one. and never has sought one. He is here to stay he has property here; his interests are identical with ours; he is one of us Can the same be said of Judge Bennett? We think not. There are some who seem to think that if Mr Tripp is elected this fall it will insure a Democratic victory in the future. This we consider a mistaken idea Is there any one who believes that because we vote for Mr. Tripp as a man, (not as a Democrat) we will vote for a Democrat two years hence? We think not, neither do we think any other Republican who sees fit to vote for Mr- Tripp, would be any more liable to do so than we would Instead of resulting in future Democratic victories we think it will teach the Republican party that, in order to secure the election of their candidates, they must select the strongest instead of the weakest men in the party. The time has come when men will think for themselves, and having made up their minds which is the best man, they will vote for him, irrespective of party. Not only is such the case in Territorial matters, but in county matters, as will be proved in this county this fall In order that a nomination may be equivalent to an election, the best men must be nominaied, otherwise defeat will surely follow.

River News.

ARRIVALS.

Josephine, Cow Island.
Red Cloud. Cow Island.
Gen. Sherman, Buford.
Black Hills, Yankton.
F Y Batchelor, Buford.

DEPARTURES.

Josephine, Fort Buford.
Red Cloud, St Louis.
Black Hills, Fort Buford.

BOATS IN PORT.

Gen. Sherman.
Eclipse.
Denver.
Dr. Burleigh.

The Peninah is laid up again at Sioux City.

The steamer Key West left Yankton, Oct. 7th, for Bismarck.

The C K. Peck left Sioux City for Cheyenne agency Oct. 5th.

The steamer Red Cloud, of the Baker line, arrived from Cow Island Oct. 8th, with a full passenger list, and departed for St. Louis on Wednesday Oct. 9th, making a large addition to the passengers here.

The steamer Gen. Terry, W. A. Burleigh, master, left Yankton, Oct. 3d, for Fort Pierre.

The steamer Batchelor, Grant Marsh captain. made the trip to Buford and return in five days

The steamer E. H. Durfee. of the Coulson line, was at Evansville on her way to Pittsburgh, on Oct. 5th.

The Paducah steamboatmen have donated $130.25 to the scourge-suffering steamboatmen of New Orleans.

The steamer Gen. Sherman, Capt. Ed Anderson, arrived from Buford, Oct. 11th. She has laid up for the present.

Capt. Wm. Braithwaite has a large force of men and teams at work, and is pushing work on the new Bismarck ways.

Samuel Kurren and five others left in a Mackinaw for St. Louis on Saturday last. They expect to be on the river 22 days.

Capt. Dave Maratta, engineer of the Thompson Dean, was very low, at last accounts, with the yellow fever, at New Orleans.

The yellow fever relief steamer, Jno. M. Chambers, was employed by the Coulson line during last season from Yankton to Buford.

The New Orleans Anchor line is again in the field, and announces the "Centennial" to clear Saturday, Oct. 11th.—*St Louis Times*.

The steamer Black Hills, of the Coulson line, arrived from Yankton, Oct. 11th, loaded to her full capacity for Fort Buford. She took on a few people and departed to her destination.

The levee is piled high and all over with goods, and looks lively with the crowds about the boats and the force on the levee at work The old Missouri is an element of our future that will be valued.

Work on Commodore Coulson's two big stern wheelers is being pushed forward vigorously. They will be completed about the 1st of January. —*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The steamer Josephine, Capt. J. H. Maratta. and Ed Lathrop, clerk, arrived from Dauphin Rapids on Friday, Oct 11th, at 10 a m., with 250 officers and men of the Seventh Infantry, on their way to Fort Snelling. The Josephine went over to Fort Lincoln the same evening and loaded 50 tons of grain for Fort Stevenson, when she returned to Bismarck to finish loading She left on Sunday morning on the arrival of the train from St. Paul, with a full load of passengers and freight for Fort Buford.

John H Tice, the weather prophet, recently sued a druggist named Jacob S. Merrill, of St Louis, for using his forecasts of the weather, and claimed damages. The case went to the jury on Tuesday, and Tice was awarded $1,989 The Professor was highly elated with his success in the courts, and after the verdict he told the jury they had better look to their umbrellas, as there would be a heavy shower at 3:30 o'clock, and sure enough at the hour named, the Heavens opened, and a copious shower fell cooling the atmosphere and wetting the jurors who failed to heed the warning —*St Louis Times*

The Helena party, reconnoitering down the Missouri river, returned by the northern coaches after an absence of nine days. They report a pleasant trip and the entire feasibility of steamer navigation above and below the falls Slight improvements, at small cost, at one or two points only, will readily admit the running of boats from portage to Stubb's ferry, opposite Helena The gentlemen are enthusiastic over the practical success of the upper river steam transportation as demonstrated by careful investigation. The scenery is pronounced the grandest anywhere on the Missouri —*Helena Herald*.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office. for the week ending, Wednesday, Oct 16, 1878.

Alexander Geo	Anderson Eliza
Bolder Joseph 2	Brewster W K
Beales Wm	Collins Andrew
Council F A	Carr W A
Callahan W H	Davis Chas
Edward Geo	Edgell Mrs Erder 2
Fletcher Amorette J	Davis Rev G H
Hoyt Adenne	Harvy Ella
Hestch Orace	McJineson Mr
Jordan Patrick	Johnson C M
Jones W E	Leonard John
Lawler Joe	Mildrug Mrs
Melville Mrs	Milligan Jos
Mantor Miss Minnie	Potras Geo
Redd Dr R G	Rickard Edwin H
Smith Chas A	Snell H S
Schidbort A	Steurnagel Henry
Schult J H	Spoberg P P
Sullivan John	Thomas Lina
Trott G E L	Tye Otis 2
Whipple Frank	Wahmkone H
Wheelock Julius	Woodwarth Silas
Young Wm	

If the above letters are not called for in one month they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office, Washington. Persons calling for any of the above letters must ask for Advertised Letters

C. A LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Hayes' Title.

However varied may be the opinions concerning the validity of Hayes' title to the Presidency, there is not a question in the minds of either Democrats or Republicans upon one important point, viz: the unquestionable right of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines to the title of the Standard Remedies of the age. Listen to the voice of the sovereign people

NEW ORLEANS, June 10th, 1873.

Dr R. V. Pierce Buffalo, N. Y

Dear Sir—Your Pleasant Purgative Pellets seem to be particularly adapted to the wants of the people in this warm climate, where billions affections are particularly prevalent I regard them as the best cathartic I have ever tried

Yours truly, JOHN C HENDERSON.

BOSTON, MASS, May 14th, 1878.

Dr R. V Pierce, Buffalo, N Y.

Dear Sir—Your Golden Medical discovery has cured my boy of a Fever Sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude Yours truly,

HENRY WHITING.

Republican Convention.

The Republican electors of Burleigh county are requested to meet in mass convention at the City Hall, Bismarck, on the 19th of Oct, 1878, at 2 p m, for the purpose of nominating a county and legislative ticket, to be supported at the ensuing election

All Republican electors or those of said county who intend to support the Republican ticket at the ensuing election, are invited to attend

C. A. LOUNSBERRY,
Chairman.
L. N. GRIFFIN,
J. D. WAKEMAN,
Republican Central Committee.

Independent Candidtae.

To the voters of the 3d Judicial District, Dakota Territory:

Gentlemen, In view of the fact that the office of district attorney is not, and should not be a political one and that the one filling the position should be left unembarrassed by party policy; and in view of the fact that the expense of meeting in convention for the nomination of party candidates would necessarily be great, while the farmers throughout the district are and will be unusually busy during the next few weeks, and at the earnest solicitation of friends representing all portions of the district, I hereby announce myself as an independent candidate for district attorney and solicit your support for that position.

JOHN A. STOYELL,

Bismarck, D. T., Aug. 6, 1878.

Compare.

A careful comparison of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts with others in the market, will convince any person that for strength and delicacy of flavor, Dr. Price's is far superior. While the other flavorings have a turpentiny taste and odor, Dr. Price's is as natural as the fruits from which they are made.

Dressed Turkeys and Chickens, and choice Celery to arrive by express Saturday.

20 HALLETT & KEATING.

Expressed their Delight.

Thousands of ladies of refinement have expressed their delight at finding such delicate, fresh, flowery fragrance in Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes, Pet Rose, Alista Bouquet, Evening Violet, and his other odors. Ladies and gentlemen of taste appreciate the sweetness of Dr. Price's Perfumes. Sold by W. A. Hollembaek.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partership heretofore existing between the undersigned is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. John Yegan will continue the business at the old stand and will pay all debts and demands against the firm, and all bills and credits of the said firm will be payable to the said John Yegen.

Bismarck, October 4, 1878.

JOHN YEGEN.
M. LANG,

9w3

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnersnip heretofore existing between John H. Stevens, David Olmsted, C. A. Lounsberry and others, under the firm name of the Bismarck TRIBUNE Company, is dissolved. All bills due the late firm must be paid to C. A. Lounsberry and all due from them will be paid by him.

Bismarck, Oct. 2, 1878.

JOHN H. STEVENS,
DAVID OLMSTED,
C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a Democratic District Convention held at Jamestown, D. T on Saturday the 19th day of Oct., 1878, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for District Attorney for the Third Judicial District.

Counties will be entitled to the same representation as they had in the Territorial convention.

BY ORDER OF DISTRICT COMMITTEE.

Copartnership Notice.

The undersigued have this day entered into copartnership under the firm name of Stanley Huntley, for the business of running the BISMARCK TRIBUNE.

Bismarck, October 3. 1878.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.
MARSHALL JEWELL.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the law partnership heretofore existing between John. A Stoyell and John E. Carland is dissolved from and after this date.

JOHN A. STOYELL.
JOHN E. CARLAND.

October 4, 1878.

Francios Boulamark has opened a first-class restaurant on Main sreeet, near 4th, where he sells oysters cooked in every style, and luxuries of every sort. Parties and dances supplied with cake. 20-22

BISMARCK AND FT. BUFORD STAGE AND EXPRESS AND U.S. MAIL

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m, making the full trip in five days

Stages will leave Buford on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 a m.

For Express, Passage or Freight apply to

J. S. WINSTON, Bismarck, D. T.
Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

5tf

BISMARCK AND STANDING ROCK STAGE AND EXPRESS LINE.

Leaves Bismarck every Wednesday. Friday and Sunday morning at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours.

Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.

For freight or passage apply to

GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, or
JNO THOMSON & CO, Standing Rock, D. T. 15tf

BISMARCK AND TONGUE RIVER Stage & Express.

Leave Bismarck every Sunday at 8 a. m, arriving at Fort Keogh in four days, connecting at Keogh with stages for Bozeman and all points in Montana For passage or express apply to

J W RAYMOND & CO., Bismarck, D. T.
A. R. NINNINGER & CO., Ft. Keogh, M. T.
J. W. DORSEY, Supt. 17tf

BRICK! BRICK!
R. B. MASON,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
BRICK BUILDINGS ERECTED

On Short Notice and Satisfaction Guaranteed. All kinds of

BRICK AND STONE WORK

Done with Neatness and Dispatch. I have on hand a superior quality of

BRICK

which I will sell at reasononable prices. 4m4

GEO. G. GIBBS & CO.,
Pioneer
BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP,
Corner Third and Thayer Streets,
BISMARCK, - - - D. T.

O. S. GOFF,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
PORTRAITS AND VIEWS.
Fine Work a Specialty.
MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.
n7v6

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES
AT
DAN. EISENBERG'S,
Bismarck, - - - Dakota,
Who is just opening the largest stock of
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods Etc.,
EVER BROUGHT TO THE CITY.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERS,
BISMARCK, D. T.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGIST
DEALER IN
WINES, LIQUORS CIGARS,
STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, PAINTS, OILS, &C.

F. J. CALL,
NEXT WEEK.

INSURANCE!!
LIFE & FIRE!
The Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
OF NEW YORK.
THE ST. PAUL
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
REPRESENTED BY
GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.
Bismarck, D. T. March 14 '78tf

T. H DECKERT. W. A. FRANKLIN.
King Barber Shop,
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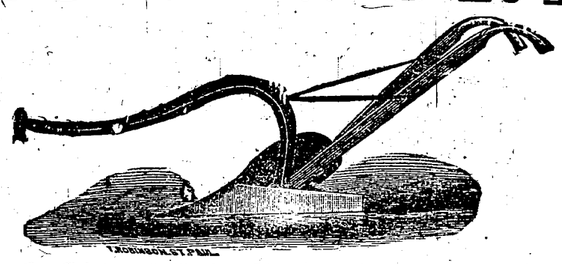
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A Case that Puzzled the Doctors.

A recent dispatch from New Haven, Conn., to the New York *Sun*, says: The case of George H. Willis, aged 23 years, of Fairhaven, puzzles the physicians. He was a freight clerk in the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company in this city, and on Friday last went to work complaining of a severe pain in his head. He went home and a physician was summoned. On Saturday he grew worse, but nothing serious was feared until yesterday. On arising he went for a glass of water, but while raising it to his lips was seized with a convulsion which was succeeded by another, so he suffered until death supervened at noon to-day. Large quantities of morphine were injected into him hypodermically yesterday and last night, and early this morning it was found necessary to chloroform him, so violent had he become. His struggles in his convulsions were frightful and toward the end it required four men to hold him in bed. He snapped and bit at anything within reach, and narrowly escaped biting the physician when the latter approached to administer the chloroform. Between his spasms he talked very rationally, and yesterday seemed aware that death was near. He gave minute directions about his funeral, the flowers, and the services, divided his peronal property among his brothers, and insisted that the physician should hold a post mortem examination. He was a strong minded young man, of deep religious convictions, and not at all subject to his imagination. Hence the physicians think that the effects of a fear resulting from a monkey bite some twenty years ago had nothing to do with his death.

When young Willis was three years old he attempted to hand something to a monkey led by an itinerant organ grinder. The animal bit the lad in the leg. The wound was not a serious one, and was forgotten until lately. When taken ill, and after convulsions had set in, Willis insisted that he was suffering from hydrophobia, the result of that bite The attending physicians hardly believed this, yet are compelled to accept it in the want of any other cause of the death of the young man.

An affecting occasion; "There was not a dry eye in the room," said Johnny, "when the superintendent told us that some us might be taken away that very night, and we saw the sexton dragging out Sam Jenkins for putting cayenne pepper on the stove." —*Boston Post.*

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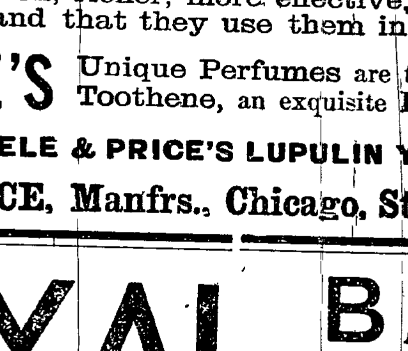

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The oldest and most reliable brand; every can full weight, uniform, and wholesome, and goes one third farther than ordinary kinds Contains no acid but that derived from grapes—a pure Grape Cream Tartar. It has been analyzed and indorsed by the Board of Health of New York, also the leading Chemists of the country. It is peerless and unapproachable in quality, and any family who once uses it will not be without it

The housekeeper must bear in mind, an absolntely pure Powder like the Royal cannot be bought at the same price as the adulterated kinds Sold by all grocers in tin cans only. 14y1

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It is the only line running its own Palace Sleeping Cars from the Northwest into Chicago, or from Chicago to the Northwest.

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It has a perfect steel rail track, thoroughly ballasted

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Tickets from St Paul and Minneapolis to Chicago are good either via Hastings, Red Wing, Winona, La Crosse, (the famed Mississippi River Division,) Sparta, Kilbourn, Watertown, or via Owatonna, Faribault, Austin, McGregor, Prairie du Chien and Madison.

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1878 Summer Arrangement. 1878.

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Dated April 7, 1878.

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REV. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES:

178 BALTIC STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y. Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

Dear Sir—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure. JAMES P. LUDLOW, Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, ME., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir:—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above,
MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHN,
Medford. Mass.

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GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLER STREET, BOSTON, April, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS.

Dear Sir:—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefitted by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the scrofula.

With respect,
MRS. N. WORMELL, Matron.

VEGETINE.

REV. O. T. WALKER, SAYS:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 TRANSIT STREET.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. WALKER, Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston.

VEGETINE

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

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RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

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MR. STEVENS.

Dear Sir:—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. MUNROE PARKER.

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Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS. Boston, Mass.

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Line. Close connections are made at Chicago with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Baltimore & Ohio, Michigan Central, Pittsburg, Ft Wayne & Chicago, Kankakee Line and Pan Handle Routes, for all points East and Southeast, and with the Chicago & Alten and Illinoie Central for all points South.

New York Office, No. 445 Broadway, Boston, Office, No. 5. State Street: St. Paul Ticket offices Corner Third and Jackson Streets, and at depot on Sibley street; Minneapolis Ticket offices, No 3 Nicolett House Block, and St. Paul & Pacific eepot; Chicago ticket offices, 62 Clark street, under Sherman House, 74 Canal, corner Madison street;; Kinzie Street Depot, corner West Kinzie and Canal streets: Wells street Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie Streets

F B CLARK, G P A W W R'y St Paul.
W. A. STENNETT, Gen. Pas. Ag't. Chicago.

PIANO Beautiful Sq. Grand Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Magnificent Upright Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Elegant Upright Pianos, price $800, only $175. Pianos, 7 octave, $125, 7⅓, $135, New Styles. Organs $35. Organs, 9 stops, $57.50. Church **ORGAN** 16 stops, price $390, only $115. Elegant $375 Mirror Top Organs only $105. Beautiful Parlor Organ, price $340, only $95. "Fraud Exposed, $500 reward Read "Traps for the Unwary" and Newspaper about cost of **Pianos and Organs. SENT FREE.** Please address ***DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.***

CATARRH

Catarrh of the Nasal Cavities, Acute, Chronic, and Ulcerative, Hay Fever, or Rose Catarrh, Catarrh of the Eye and Ear, and Catarrh of the Throat,

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED WITH

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

CATARRH is a disease of the mucous membrane. Temperaments and constitutions vary its severity in individual cases. Catarrh may arise from a cold or a succession of colds, from sudden change of atmosphere, wearing wet clothing, or exposure to inclement weather, and becoming thoroughly chilled when the digestive organs are in a morbid or inactive condition, and the strength and vital forces exhausted. The disease may arise from a scrofulous condition of the blood, from Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Diphtheria, in which cases the eye and ear are generally involved and discharge quantities of matter. The discharges from the nose, the distinctive feature in all catarrhal cases from whatever cause they arise, may be thin and watery, and so acid as to cause redness and excoriation of the skin with which they come in contact, or thick and yellowish, emitting a foul odor, or clear and white like the white of an egg. There may be an entire lack of secretion, the surfaces being dry and feverish, the face, front and upper part of the head feeling uncomfortable, and as if it was encircled by a tight, unyielding band. This latter phase is called Dry Catarrh. The free mattery discharges cause the passages to swell and become thickened, rendering breathing through the nose difficult, or impossible, and the sufferer finds it necessary to breathe through the mouth, thereby permitting cold air to pass directly to the bronchial tubes and lungs. The matter passing down the throat creates a constant desire to hawk and expectorate to throw it off; but when the membrane is dry and feverish, instead of passing freely down from the nose and throat, the mucus becomes hard and forms into scabs, incrustations, and hard lumps, which adhere so firmly to the nasal passages and throat as to require very persistent efforts to dislodge them. The eye in sympathy becomes inflamed, red, weak, and watery, or in the morning the lids may be found glued together, and matter is secreted in more or less quantity. The ear also becomes seriously affected, discharging quantities of matter, besides being visited by the most violent neuralgic pains, ending frequently in inflammation, ulceration, and finally deafness. The throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs are in many cases affected by catarrh, and when prostration of the nervous system is superadded, such affections become alarming.

A brief survey of this most serious disease warns all who are afflicted with it to make speedy preparation for its treatment before it becomes chronic. The advantages offered by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE we confidently believe are to be found in no other remedy. Every step in its preparation, every line in the directions, mark it as a scientific remedy, calculated to meet every phase of the disease. The numerous testimonials from the best people in the United States attest the esteem in which it is held by those who have been freed from the most destructive and dangerous disease with which mankind is to-day afflicted

JUST PUBLISHED.

A carefully revised Treatise on Catarrh, with an accurate description of symptoms and sympathetic diseases, together with minute directions for effecting with SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE a speedy and permanent cure. Also observations on diet and the general health, of vast importance to all afflicted with catarrh. It is wrapped about each bottle of the RADICAL CURE, or will be mailed free on receipt of stamp.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price, $1. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the United States and Canada. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

Cures Pains and Aches.

It equalizes the Circulation.
It subdues Inflammatory Action.
It cures Ruptures and Strains.
It removes Pain and Soreness.
It cures Kidney Complaint.
It strengthens the Muscles.
It cures Rheumatism and Neuralgia.
It relaxes Stiffened Cords.
It cures Nervous Shocks.
It is invaluable in Paralysis.
It cures Inflammation of the Liver.
It removes Nervous Pains.
It cures Spinal Weakness.
It is Grateful and Soothing.
It cures Epilepsy or Fits.
It is Safe, Reliable, and Economical
It is prescribed by Physicians.
It is indorsed by Electricians.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Be careful to obtain COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER, a combination of Electric or Voltaic Plates with a highly Medicated Plaster, as seen in the above cut. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors. Boston, Mass.

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Geo. P. Rowell & Co's

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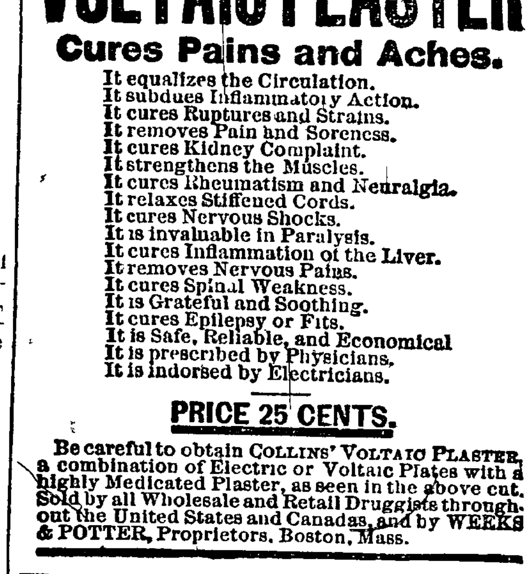
Local Newspapers.

Many persons suppose this list to be composed of CHEAP, low priced newspapers The fact is quite otherwise The Catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST paper in the place When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. When printed in roman letters it is neither the best nor the only paper, but is usually a very good one, notwithstanding The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper. IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST. IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST. At the foot of the Catalogue for each State the important towns which are not covered by the list are enumerated IT IS AN HONEST LIST. The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule The price for one inch four weeks in the entire list is $635. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are $3,136.35. The list includes 970 newspapers, of which 163 are issued DAILY and 807 WEEKLY. They are located in 825 different cities and towns, of which 22 are State Capitals. 328 places of over 5 000 population, and 444 County Seats. LISTS SENT ON APPLICATION Address GEO P ROWELL & CO'S NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU. 10 Spruce St. (Printing House Sq), N. Y.



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DO NOT FAIL to send for our Catalogue. It contains prices and description of most every article in general use, and is valuable to ANY PERSON contemplating the purchase of any article for Personal, Family or Agricultural use. We have done a large trade the past season in the remote parts of the Territories, and have, with few exceptions, exceeded the expectations of the purchaser, many claiming to have made a saving of 40 to 60 per cent. We mail these CATALOGUES TO ANY ADDRESS, FREE, UPON APPLICATION. We sell our goods to all mankind at wholesale prices in quantities to suit. Reference, First National Bank, Chicago.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
Original Grange Supply House,
227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16, 1878.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M.
E. N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I O. O. F, are held in Masonic Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

SIG HANAUER, N. G.
E. O. BOSTWICK, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

At the Presbyterian Church every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; and every Sabbath evening commencing at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening Rev. I. O. Sloan, Pastor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the North Pacific to and from the east arrive daily, except Monday, at 7 a. m. Depart daily except Saturday at 7 p m.

Leave for Forts Stephenson, Berthold and Buford and the Tongue river posts every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Leave for Fort Rice and Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday: returning, arrive every Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 a m

Leave for Tongue River every Sunday at 8 a. m.

☞ Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M

Office open from 7 a m to 7.30 p. m On Sundays from 7 to 9,30 a. m, and 3 to 7 p. m.

Weekly Weather Report.

BISMARCK, D. T, Oct. 12, 1878.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean
Barometer,	30,028	29,414	29 808
Thermometer,	70°	30°	48.2
Humidity (Rel.)	100	20	67 6
Winds velocity,	42	calm	

Winds prevalent direction northwest.
Winds, total movement, 1655 miles
Total amount of rain or melted snow, 0.84 inch.
Parhelia, 0
Lunar Coronæ, 0
Note Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.

DAVID THOS. FLANNERY,
Ob. Signal Corps U. S. A.
Office, Room 70, Sheridan House.

Prominent People.

Mr. Hurd, of the Sheridan House, has returned from his visit to St Paul

Lieut. Fred Kislingbury, of Standing Rock, is spending his leave of absence at Detroit, Mich

N P Clark, vice-president of the Stage Company, arrived yesterday morning from Minnesota

C S Weaver's father left on the Red Cloud for St. Louis, where he will spend the winter with a son.

Col W. W. Sanders and family, of Fort Buford went east Sunday evening, on leave of absence

N T Collett, of the St. Paul office, has gone up to Buford to take charge of the new telegraph office at that post.

Gen S D Sturgis, is on the retired list, if he chooses to accept the position. He has been in the army since 1846.

Ex Mayor Chapin, of Fargo, is getting up a tony ball for the dedication of his new opera house The tickets per couple are $25.00.

J K Wetherby, Esq, was called by telegraph on Thursday to Hudson, Wis, where his wife was dangerously ill with gastric fever.

Capt Lee, of the sixth infantry, at Fort Stevenson, who has been east recruiting for the past two years has returned to his post.

Capt Overshine and family went up on the Josephine They go to Keogh where the captain will join his company of Miles' regiment.

O W Francis, Esq, of Fargo, one of the Republican candidates for district attorney, was in Bismarck, the past week, electioneering

Rev J B Starkey, presiding elder of the Red River District, is in town looking after the interests of a new Methodist church in Bismarck

Dr Porter, Judge Bowen, and express agent Rhodewee out to Square Butte, finding plenty of chickens and but little big game that they could get at

Capt R H Pratt arrived yesterday morning He is gathering in a number of Indian boys and girls for education at Hampton College, Virginia.

Joe Pennell says they may not be any fine haired distinction between hewers of wood and drawers of water, but for him, give him the drawers.

James Browning, of Browning & Wringrose, Black Hills, is in the city visiting his old friends. He is shipping one hundred tons of freight via the Fort Pierre route

Lieut Spilman, a graduate of the last class at West Point, has been appointed to Gresham's place in the Seventh Cavalry. Gresham was promoted to second lieutenant

Another Indian Agent for Standing Rock has gone down. His name is J. A. Stephan Mr Kelly, present agent, has been appointed to a God forsaken agency in Colorado.

Johnny Leasure was the messenger on the Josephine at Cow Island, who carried the news to Fort benton He rode 160 miles Johnny will join Messiter, the English sportsman, in Judith Basin, and return with him in December.

Edgar F. Brown, a wealthy lawyer of New York City, went out to hunt the other day. His wagon upset and everything in it seemed to fall on him. His hip was dislocated ond locomotion about the Sheridan House is now effected by crutches.

Lieut. Hebel M Creel, of the seventh cavalry, has been detailed on detached service with Cheyenne Indians, for the purpose of learning their language, and writing a complete grammar and dictionary of the same. He will be assisted by the relicts of the Tower of Babel.

From All Over.

Comer's new building will be fifty feet deep.

Col Fred W. Jones returned yesterday from Fort Berthold

Another special cattle train will leave, to-night, for Chicago. The business is booming.

Bill Longley, the noted Texas desperado, was hanged at Giddings, Texas, last Saturday.

Leightoe and Jordan will build another boat this winter, the counterpart of the Batchelor.

Justus Bragg has purchased forty head of Montana cattle. Twenty-one of them weighed 25.000 pounds.

Ansley Gray's new house on the hill is under roof. This is the fourth built in this particular vicinity this year.

H. S. Parkin accidentally blew off his left hand with a shot gun. He carelessly pulled his loaded gun from a wagon bed with muzzle towards him. He was after a prairie chicken. The accident occurred near Sisseton.

Frank Leslie's Weekly has two pages of illustrations of the Dalrymple farm, plowing, seeding, harvesting and threshing.

Capt. Henry J. King, agent of the Baker Line, at this point, leaves to-morrow for St. Louis where he will spend the winter.

Thomas B. Ellis, of Brooklyn, has been appointed agent at Fort Berthold, and from his correspondence it is inferred that he is a green one.

The cattle trains, leaving here Thursday night, ran into nine horses this side of Jamestown. Six of them were killed and three crippled. Six of the herd were Indian ponies.

Work is progressing rapidly on the ways. The grading is almost finished, and had not the bad weather set in the ground would have been ready for the lumber Saturday night.

Rev. Mr. Starkey, presiding elder of the Red River district, will hold the first quarterly meeting of the Bismarck charge, at the Presbyterian church, Sunday morning and evening.

The Bismarck and Cheyenne River Transportation Company have been organized with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. D. M. Brady is president, Wm. Braithwaite secretary, and Jas. A. Emmons treasurer.

A pleasure party from St, Paul and Minneapolis, arrived this morning: Gen. H. H. Sibley, Judge Hall, Pres. E. F. Drake, of Sioux R. R., General Manager J. W. Bishop, A. H. Wilder, Hon. Jno. L. Merriam, W. W. Eastman, Hon. Jno. DeLaitre, T. B. Casey, Hon. Geo. A. Brackett, and Major Camp.

If Colonel Sturgis should retire from the service, Lieut. Col. Davidson, of the tenth cavalry, would be promoted to the colonelcy of the seventh. Davidson is known as "Black John" in the army He has been thirty-three years in the service. He was a Brigadier General of volunteers during the war, and stands high as an officer.

Doughnuts.

If you desire doughnuts that are the nicest and richest you ever ate, make them from Dr Price's Cream Baking Powder, according to the directions on the can. Such doughnuts, with a cup of coffee, and a light *Cream Baking Powder* biscuit, would cause a delightful surprise to the unitiated.

Good sound oysters for Democratic-Republicans at Louis' chop house, on Fourth St. near Main,

Cranberries

At Hallett & Keating's. 16tf

Coal Oil.

Minnesota Proof, at
20-31 A. CRISSEY'S.

The New Restaurant is opened at the old stand near corner Third and Main streets.
20-20 MRS. P. KELLEY.

Sweet Potatoes.

At Hallett & Keating's. 16tf

Remember that you can get a meal cooked to order at any hour out of the 24 at Louis' chop house. 20

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals.
15tf GEO. P. FLANNERY.

Fresh Oysters.

The Finest Selects at Hallett & Keating's. 16tf

For Sale.

Two excellent, fine and quiet riding ponies, by Louis Schick, leader, Seventh U. S. Cavalry 19t2

Wanted: A committee of five to get some oysters at Louis' chop house Provided. 20

Maltby's Oysters.

The finest in the land at Hallett & Keating's 16tf

A Bargain.

320 acres, one mile from the Sheridan House, at ten dollars per acre.
1otf GEO. W. SWEET

Oysters.

Fresh Selects from Maltby's at Hallett & Keating's. 16tf

Boarding.

Single meals 25 cents, or board by the week at $4 50, at J F Reardon's, Main Street, Bismarck, D T. tf.

Oysters shipped direct, from Baltimore to Louis'. 20

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M P. SLATTERY,
12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D T.

Shelving and Counters.

The Post Office shelving and counter for sale. Price $25. 20-22

Look out for quail, pheasants, fresh mackerel, shell oysters, clams, &c. at Louis'. 20

Tobacco.

Best Lorillard plug 75 cents per pound; Durham Smoking, 65 cents, fine cut, $1.00 to $1.15.
A CRISSEY,
20-31 Opposite Custer Hotel.

Oysters! Oysters!! Oysters!!!

We are agents for C. S. Maltby's celebrated Oysters; receive them daily direct from Baltimore by express, and can give bed rock prices to hotels, restaurants and dealers. Shipping orders filled promptly. 20 HALLETT & KEATING.

To arrive this week: A car load of Vegetables, viz: Parsnips, Cabbage, Celery, Onions, Sweet Potatoes, etc.
20 HALLETT & KEATING.

To be or not to be, that is the great problem before the people of Bismarck, and when in future years the self made men now struggling along unnoticed by the outside world, are asked what gave them the strength and courage to persevere and win, it will be in the early and constant use of the Belle of Moorhead Flour. For sale by all grocers. 88

Ed. Bostwick will open a meat market in the building second door from the Custer Hotel, and offer a superior line of everything that comforts the gastric organs. Fresh meat, vegetables and the best oysters in the market will be sold cheap. His market will be open to the public by Monday and the community are respectfully invited to attend the festivities. 20

Louis Notmeyer has for sale a new variety of potatoes. They are choice, as early as the Early Rose, and as good an eating potate. The seed was purchased of D. M. Ferry, Detroit, for $8 00 per bushel, and Mr. Notmeyer is now prepared to sell them at the low price of $2.50 per bushel. From five bushels of seed he raised on the upland 200 bushels of potatoes. Samples at the St. Louis Store. Mr. Notmeyer will promptly attend to all orders. 20-22

Prevent Decay of the Teeth

With their surest preservative, aromatic SOZODONT. Whiteness of the dental row, a healthful rosiness and hardness of the gums, a sweet breath, an agreeable taste in the mouth—all these conferred by SOZODONT. Does not such an invaluable toilet article, one so pure as well as effective, deserve the popularity it enjoys? Most assuredly. It has no rival worthy of the name. The ordinary powders and pastes are nothing to it, and since its appearance, have rapidly lost ground. Sold by druggists. 13t4

City Democratic Convention.

The City Democratic convention will meet at the City Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various city offices to be filled at the election to be held Nov. 5th. By order of the Committee

DENNIS HANNIFIN,
Chairman.

G. W. POUSSIN & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

HEAVY and SHELF

HARDWARE

STOVES

AND

TINWARE.

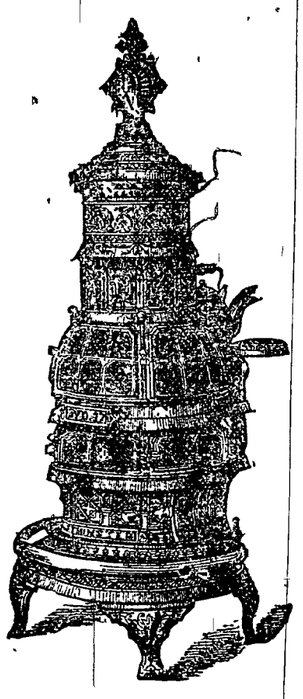
A LARGE STOCK OF

COOK AND HEATING STOVES

IN VARIETY, AND AT

Prices Never Offered Before

IN THIS MARKET.



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AN

ENTIRELY NEW BASE-BURNER,

FOR 1878.

BEST OPERATING,

MOST PERFECT,

HANDSOMEST

HARD COAL BASE-BURNER

EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Steamboat Supplies a Specialty.
All Kinds of Repairing Done.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

McLEAN & MACNIDER,

General Dealers in

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BOOTS AND SHOES,

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HATS AND CAPS,

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Agents for

THE STUDDEBAKER WAGON.

Main St., - - BISMARCK.

J. W. WATSON. W. B. WATSON

SPRING OF 1878.

J. W. Watson & Bro.,

BISMARCK D.T.

ARE AGAIN IN THE FIELD WITH A NEW AND MAMMOTH STOCK OF GOODS, EMBRACING

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

EMBRACING

SILKS, CASHMERES, BOURETTES,

AND EVERYTHING NEW.

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

OF EVERY NATURE.

CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &C.,

AND A FULL LINE OF

CARPETS.

They have closed out their OLD STOCK, Cleaned out their Grocery Department and everything they have is NEW and Fresh from the Market.

They buy for Cash, Discounting their bills, and sell for Cash and therefore are able to give their patrons even lower than St. Paul retail prices. April 26, 1878

MRS. LINN,

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING,

The only First Class Establishment in the City.

New Goods Received every Week. Latest Novelties always on Hand.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. PRICES REASONABLE. Corner 3d and Meigs Sts. Bismarck D.T. 15

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